

The
Saturday Review

No. 3457. Vol. 133.

28 January 1922

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

Notes of the Week

LAST Tuesday was the anniversary of the Battle of the Dogger Bank. On the same day we were told of the discharge of three thousand men from the Rosyth dockyards, and of the fact that America's ratification of the Disarmament agreement, if it ever took place, would probably be delayed until the autumn. We are supposed to have stopped construction on our great naval ships; America and Japan are continuing, and will now, if all that we have been told officially is true, have a whole year to their credit should the agreements not be ratified. One hears unpleasant rumours of "camouflaged" shipbuilding—all sorts of things, in fact, except an honest, clear statement.

On the same significant day an astonishing piece of information reached us from America—that in the event of the disarmament proposals being put into force the money diverted from naval ship-building will be devoted to subsidizing America's mercantile marine. We have observed no announcement of this in the Press, and our information may be wrong; but it came from sources which ought to be, and generally are, well informed. If it be true it means a direct challenge to England; a challenge of a nature so far-reaching that we postpone discussion of it until we can satisfy ourselves further as to the accuracy of our information.

Lord Grey has returned to public life for the third or fourth time during the last three or four months. There is something uncanny about his constant reappearances. From his reiterated references to Lord Robert Cecil it would seem that one, at least, of the objects of his return to public life is to drag Lord Robert Cecil after him by the hand. Lord Robert Cecil also, for some strange reason, can never make a public speech without pushing Lord Grey in front of him. What is the reason for this? Is it really that they have such high esteem for one another? Or is it that each uses the other as a counterfeit presentment of his own personality and can by praising the other most modestly praise himself?

Those who believe that our consecrated constitutional methods are superior to any innovations which the Prime Minister can introduce, will approve of the plea made by Lord Grey for a return to the old methods of diplomacy, by which he meant that if a State trains and maintains Ambassadors, it is better to use them than to treat them with contempt. Mr. Lloyd George suggested in his speech that it was the old methods of diplomacy which were responsible for the war. The fact that Lord Grey, who was Foreign Minister at the time of the outbreak of war, disagrees emphatically, is sufficient answer. As a matter of fact it was the very method of interference by politicians with Ambassadors that made the war possible. As the *Morning Post* has pointed out, it was not the conduct of Prince Lichnowsky which brought about the war, but rather a constant interference with his pacific activities by the head of the German political system.

The Conservatives have been remarkably silent during the week. It is significant that all the protestations of loyalty and devotion to Mr. Lloyd George came from the Coalition Liberals. The Prime Minister needs all the protestations of loyalty and devotion he can get, for during the week he has received a stunning blow. Lord Grey has ruined him in international politics. The speech of the ex-Foreign Secretary, whose prestige stands higher cosmopolitically than that of any English Statesman, will have been read by this time in every capital in Europe. A more damning indictment of the Prime Minister's diplomatic methods could not have been made, and it has blown Genoa sky-high.

Two notable absentees from the illustrious array of Mr. Asquith's own colleagues who attended him on the platform at the Central Hall, Westminster, were Mr. McKenna and Lord Haldane. They are perhaps the most worthy survivors of the Liberal administration. It is an amusing commentary on Mr. Asquith's reproachful criticism of those members of his Cabinet who have joined the Coalition, thereby, in his view, abandoning their ancient principles, that neither Mr. McKenna nor Lord Haldane can be numbered amongst the faithful. Nor have they left the Liberal fold along the same road together. Lord Haldane has departed towards the left in the direction of Labour. Are we wrong in supposing that Mr. McKenna is now at heart a Conservative and that he has already been selected to succeed Mr. Balfour in his representation of the City of London?

The Coalition Press has indulged in a great deal of self-adulation over the meeting of Mr. Michael Collins and Sir James Craig in London. It has deemed it a triumph for the Treaty that these gentlemen have arranged mutually to delimit their respective frontiers, and has asserted that Sir James has abandoned his former attitude. Of course, it is fortunate that the question can be arranged in so amicable a way. But this is, after all, the best way, if not the only way, and Sir James Craig is neither so foolish nor so stubborn a man as to allow the question of the boundaries of Ulster to remain unsettled. He has taken not only the prudent, but the obvious course. It is quite ridiculous to assert that he has made any surrender of his

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principles. If this conclusion of an agreement about the boundaries is the first step towards the reconciliation of North and South, which we have always held to be sooner or later inevitable, it is the worst service that can possibly be rendered towards the cause of peace in Ireland for the "friends" of that peace to proclaim that Ulster is exposing the insincerity of her original attitude because, with her eyes open, she now takes a course which is so obviously consistent with her own welfare and her own security.

The most remarkable speech of a week that is memorable for speeches was delivered by Mr. Clynes on Tuesday to the Imperial Commercial Association. The leader of the Labour Party definitely repudiated the extremists and disavowed the oft-proclaimed designs of Labour upon private enterprise. The most important part of his utterance was that in which he endeavoured to draw a distinction, the logical implications of which he has evidently not yet completely thought out, between the industrial and political functions of the community. His speech was, indeed, an honest and determined effort to establish the Labour Party as the recognised Opposition in Parliament, and thereby to counteract the repeated attempts of the Prime Minister and Mr. Churchill to hold up his organization as a dangerous Bolshevistic agency. Mr. Clynes has evidently realized the force of the Prime Minister's argument amongst those who waver in the support of the Coalition. His speech definitely marks the renunciation by the party which he represents of its challenge, which is reiterated by the primary resolution passed at every Labour gathering, in favour of the national ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Judging by the cheers of the manufacturers it would appear that the Labour Party is ceasing to be popular and is becoming fashionable.

The International Court of Justice at the Hague which begins its sittings at the Hague on Monday, is the most imposing fruit of the League of Nations so far, and realizes a dream often eloquently expounded by M. Leon Bourgeois, whose enthusiasm secured its adoption in spite of the urbane lukewarmness of Mr. Balfour. It differs from the existing Hague Tribunal in that it will be permanent and not simply called into existence *ad hoc*, and in its pretension to administer a system of jurisprudence and not simply conduct arbitrations. It will in fact have to create its own body of law and its members will be wise if they do not expect an immediate feeling of confidence in it, especially from the greater peoples who are rightly suspicious of entrusting matters of national consequence or honour to a body of this kind. Its first case, at any rate, will be sufficiently enormous, for the French Government have entrusted to it the task of deciding whether agriculture comes within the scope of the International Labour Office created in the Treaty of Versailles.

On Wednesday next a conference of the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France and Italy, will open in Paris. It will deal with what may compendiously be called the Turkish question, for it includes Thrace as well as Anatolia and Smyrna, Constantinople as well as Angora. After the failure of the Greeks before Angora in the summer, we called attention to the great desirability of our Government coming to terms promptly with Mustafa Kemal and the Turkish Nationalists. And this, not because we had any particular love for the Turks, or, for that matter, for the Greeks, but because a settlement was needed in the interests of the British Empire. Events in Anatolia had their marked reaction throughout the Middle East and in India, and that reaction continues to-day. The terms of the Angora Agreement between France and Mustafa Kemal became known, and these also were in-

consistent with British interests. We note that M. Poincaré states that the Agreement is "provisional," and it is therefore to be hoped that it may be modified in such a way as to further a satisfactory solution of the whole Turkish problem—in the circumstances a difficult and complicated business, but one which must be reached as quickly as possible, for the matter is one of increasing urgency.

The necessity for the speedy conclusion of peace with Turkey is the burden of the two remarkable messages from Lord Northcliffe which were published on Wednesday—one to the *Times* direct, and the other through Reuter's which appeared in most papers. In our opinion Lord Northcliffe has rendered a conspicuous public service in these outspoken, downright telegrams which set forth clearly the extreme gravity of the situation in India. He confirms all that we have been saying in the SATURDAY REVIEW for weeks past about the news-service from India; he says "the Moslem situation is much uglier than the home Press appears to know." We have drawn attention to the malign activities of Gandhi, and asked why he was allowed to remain at large; he says "loyal Mohammedans demand the instant arrest of Gandhi, because it would prevent outbreaks by Hindu and Mohammedan extremists." And again, "the peaceful speeches of Gandhi, who has lately become careful to appear at, but to take little part in meetings, have the direct effect of stirring up the natives to crime, while the Indian newspapers, in language well understood by the natives, urge the removal of the white man from India." We shall be glad to hear what Mr. Montagu has to say about these conditions, and we trust that when Parliament meets, as it does in a week or so, an immediate opportunity will be found for the discussion of them.

As the result of the policy of Mr. Montagu, who, we seem to recollect, was a friend of Gandhi, India threatens to get completely and tragically out of hand. It is now abundantly evident that only the strongest measures will save the situation, and we continue to doubt whether Lord Reading is the man who can cope with it. In any case the lesson which the menacing state of affairs in India conveys so clearly with respect to the suitable governing of Eastern peoples within the Empire, must not be lost on the British at home, or on our Government in forming their views regarding what must be done in Egypt. There Gandhism, with the boycott, civil disobedience, and all the rest of the seditious teaching of the Mahatma, is now being preached. If, so far, Gandhism is not being acted on to any great extent in Egypt, it is because of Lord Allenby's firm hand and an efficient military control. Steps were taken at once to deal with the followers of Zaghlul who issued the manifesto proclaiming the boycott. It was just this sort of swift, unhesitating action that was needed but was lacking in India, otherwise there would not be the dangerous situation that now exists. It is most desirable that the public should insist on Lord Allenby's being supported in every way by the Government, lest Egypt go the way of India.

There is little to record this week regarding Anglo-French relations. M. Poincaré has not yet formulated his proposals in regard to the Pact officially, but an obviously inspired statement from Paris bears out what was published in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week. The Pact is to be for twenty years instead of ten; it is to be reciprocal; it is to cover the *status quo* in the occupied area, which will mean that German action there in the event of civil commotion would be a *casus belli* for both England and France, and it is to involve responsibilities in regard to Poland to the extent, at any rate, of making any German attack on Poland a subject of conversation between the French and ourselves. Some of these pro-

posals seem wholly unacceptable to British public opinion, but we withhold further comment upon them until they have been officially transmitted by the French Ambassador to Lord Curzon.

The preparations for the Genoa Conference have hardly begun, and its prospects are not, at the moment, favourable. The French are inclined to make their attendance conditional on the acceptance by Russia and Germany of certain limitations in the scope of the Conference and certain undertakings towards the Allied Powers. The Americans, on the other hand, are inclined to make their attendance conditional on what would amount to so complete a reversal of the declared policy of M. Poincaré as to make his continuance in office impossible. It is hard to see how this situation is to be resolved. Apparently Sir Maurice Hankey, who is the most experienced organizer of these things in Europe, has been recalled hurriedly from Washington, and it is possible he may be able to resolve a situation which at present bristles with difficulties.

The correspondence in the *Times* on the feeding of schoolboys is producing defenders of public school diet no less than persons who deem it bad or insufficient. While we do not deny that there may be some respects in which the modern schoolboy is not only far better off than his father or grandfather before him, but actually too luxuriously treated, yet it seems to us but a poor argument to say, as some correspondents have said, that because fifty years ago boys were badly fed, therefore a similar diet should be satisfactory for boys of to-day. The habit prevailing at many public schools of providing nothing but biscuits between tea and bed-time makes, without any doubt, inadequate provision for the appetites of growing boys; while the supplementary rations at meals which appear to be very widely necessary at the boys' expense, places a further burden on the backs of parents whose school bills are already distressingly heavy.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, with the most blatant disregard of the notions of the time in which by a curious inappropriateness he happens to live, has delivered a fierce onslaught on the politics and the freedom of speech of the graduate and undergraduate members of the University. He has gone farther, and has forbidden the representation in Oxford of the Grand Guignol plays. This last of his prohibitions has not only thrown a worthy company of players out of employment in a very serious time, but has deprived the large urban population of Oxford of the opportunity of seeing a perfectly harmless representation. We propose to resume this subject in more detail next week in an article entitled 'Farnellism and Crime.'

Dr. Farnell's activities are among the most sinister manifestation which we have yet observed of that most peculiar of modern tendencies—the suppression of the ancient liberties of the people. In the country at large, the tendency is observable in the autocratic control of the pleasures of the people, in the restrictions upon drink, the proscription of variety entertainments in hotels, and the exclusion of children from cinematographic performances when unaccompanied by parents or guardians. The tendency is furthermore to be noticed in the large number of unwarrantable prosecutions for moral offences upon the unsupported testimony of the police. This strange series of reactions is undoubtedly attributable to the kind of executive Government initiated by D.O.R.A. Now that that unhappy lady has been expelled by the rest of the community, we may derive some satisfaction from the thought that she has found her last residence in Oxford, the home of lost causes.

On Saturday last, the Japanese Diet re-assembled at Tokyo, and Viscount Takahashi, who two months ago replaced as Premier the murdered Hara, made a general statement of Japanese policy. He was followed by Count Uchida, who has been Foreign Minister for some years and has an intimate acquaintance with the mind of Prince Yamagata and the junta that really govern Japan, and he dealt with the subject in detail. In the habitual language of Japanese diplomats he spoke of Japan's friendship for China, and declared that negotiations were being carried on regarding Shantung in a spirit of frankness and magnanimity—which is untrue, as everybody outside Japan knows. The most notable part of his speech was concerned with the reduction of land forces. He said that though Japan at the Conference had accepted in principle the reduction of armies, her military authorities were in agreement with the views of the French military chiefs, and he quoted at length the reasons advanced by the French at Washington for opposing such reduction. The *Times* Tokyo correspondent noted that before these observations were made in the Diet, the Minister for War had a long discussion with Yamagata, who, still on a sick-bed, nevertheless holds the reins of power. The effect of all this in Washington, it may be guessed, tends to the non-ratification of the treaties by the Senate.

As was to be expected, the position, never very strong, of Dr. Wirth and his Government, has not been helped by M. Poincaré becoming Prime Minister of France, but much the reverse. The German Chancellor tried to effect a compromise that would be acceptable to all, from the People's Party to the Independent Socialists, but he was unsuccessful. The trouble, of course, is over the fiscal question and its bearing on reparations. He is supported by the Centre or Catholic party and by the Majority Socialists, but together they cannot form a Government. The Independent Socialists are in favour of a forced loan, which, however, is barred by the People's Party, and on the other hand only a relatively small number of the Majority Socialists are willing to act with the People's Party, which is not so hostile to Dr. Wirth as it was. This is a good sign, as it means perhaps some support for him from the Industrialists, but he is said to be greatly discouraged by Poincaré's unbending attitude. His position is one of enormous difficulty, and if he falls, as may be the event, it is hard to see who will be his successor. Meanwhile the Germans must come to an agreed fiscal policy, or something like anarchy may be the result. What about reparations then?

Last Sunday's fog, which hid most things, revealed an extraordinary state of affairs in the management of the British Museum. Visitors who arrived at the advertised hour of opening were confronted by locked gates. Seeking an explanation, they were unconcernedly informed by a policeman that the electric light for the building is generated on the premises, and that as the electricians do not "come up" on Sundays the Museum could not be opened if it happened to be a dark day. An official who attended for duty on that afternoon appeared as surprised as the intending visitors. Those who have set their hearts on securing a Brighter London might do worse than turn their attention first of all to the Office of Works. The luckless London taxpayer—even more than the foreign or provincial visitor—thus debarred from an afternoon's innocent pleasure is entitled to an assurance that his desire for free education shall not in future be at the mercy of a few hours' fog.

The death of Pope Benedict XV., after a short illness, will be regretted throughout Christendom. His reign was brief but difficult, for stepping into the pontifical office during the years of war, he found himself besought by both sides to use his influence in support of

their cause and accused at the same time by both sides of partisanship. He continued to work for improved relations between the Vatican and the Throne of Italy, and though his attitude during hostilities did not generally meet with approval, history will probably judge it as not ill-attuned to distinctly embarrassing circumstances. With the novel features surrounding the election of his successor, owing to the extinction of the Austrian Veto, and also with the importance of the choice that lies before his electors, we deal in a leading article.

The late Lord Bryce was a man of immense cerebral activity which displayed itself not only intellectually in his numerous and admirable books and essays, but in his energy as a traveller and a mountaineer. A student with a singular avidity for information, he had the gift of passing it on to his readers or hearers with lucidity, and with just that touch of philosophic reflection which attracts without repelling the general reader, though perhaps not always convincing the expert. It is astonishing and none the less commendable that his greatest book should have been written as a prize essay when he was still at Oxford, and that even in its latest published form after half a century of research its editor should find so little to alter or to add to it. He was, of course, the most popular Englishman of his time in the United States. As Ambassador, however, his responsiveness to the sympathy and admiration of America made him apt to be a less vigorous exponent of the British point of view in current negotiations than those interested, especially in Canada, thought necessary.

THE GREAT SCHISM

THERE is a Great Schism in Liberalism. There is a Pope and an anti-Pope, and on Saturday of last week the Prime Minister, defying the spiritual arms of excommunication and of interdict, appeared before an irregular Lateran Council in the pallium and tiara, bearing the crosier on high. The lay reader can hardly imagine the riot of acclamation and the fervour of enthusiasm which attended his consecration as supreme and infallible pontiff of Liberalism. The assembled people saluted and adored him. His followers were lavish in professions of attachment and loyalty. And it was in the most generous spirit that he inaugurated his reign by a plenary absolution of the members of his former party. The whole ceremony would have been more impressive had it not been followed at a distance of but two days by a similar proceeding, in which Mr. Asquith, pious, unassuming, and bland, appeared as the rightful pontiff, as Pope Boniface, to accept the demonstrations of devotion and the reiterated confidence of his flock. Never has the dome of the Central Hall resounded with louder or more spontaneous cheers.

Unfortunately this is not a quarrel about doctrine. It is a personal quarrel, a personal irreconcilable rather, between two men whose instincts, whose aptitudes, and whose characters are so diverse as to make only complete co-operation or uncompromising hostility possible. There can be no half measure. Their common association in the past has led some, who were more sanguine of Liberals than of Liberalism, to hope that some means might be found of uniting again these now openly declared enemies. The course adopted on Saturday has made such a contingency impossible. Thus it is that two men, who in common harness would each have counteracted the deficiencies of the other, will never draw the same coach again. We are tempted to believe that the spiritual and temporal calamities of the Schism will only be healed by the election of another pontiff by the common consent of the followers of the two present rival leaders.

This personal incompatibility between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith explains much in our modern politics. It explains much of their artificiality. The line of cleavage between the Wee Frees and the Coalition Liberals—or as Mr. Lloyd George more subtly calls them, "Liberal Coalitionists"—is not one of principle but of profession. To the Wee Frees it is a sacrilege that while the ark of the covenant remains with them the practice of their faith is with the heretic. They cannot, if we are to judge by Mr. Asquith's speech, impugn the Liberal character of the Coalition measures. What rankles with them is that Ireland has been given independence by unblest hands, that an anti-Pope should filch the whole body of Liberal doctrine and insert it in a masterly and statesmanlike speech as his considered and deliberate policy. Never was a more Liberal speech delivered by a Whig than the speech of Mr. Lloyd George last Saturday. He declaimed against the bureaucracy; he pleaded for Free Trade, for the restoration of the commerce of the world, for honest understanding between the peoples. A thread of idealism ran throughout the texture of his argument. He spoke of peace, and laid stress on that desire for it which is deep down in every human heart. He rose superior to party. He spoke of his love of England, and of the mission of England in the world. He recalled his record, his services to his country in war, and his Irish peace. No Liberal and few men could be found to dissent from such a profession of faith. Unhappily, it bears no relation to the facts. Wrenched from its context it was a great oration. Considered in its relation to the situation of this country and of the world and, indeed, to the Prime Minister's own policy and actions, it was fundamentally disingenuous. Mr. Lloyd George has in his nature certain appropriative faculties which allow him to absorb and adopt any proposals of value, even when they are put forward in opposition to his own. This is his basic characteristic; it explains why he has for so long been able to prevent the formation of a cohesive opposition. He has always obtained for his measures the support of large sections of his critics because it is always their measures that he espouses.

The indignation of the Wee Free Liberals is therefore easily comprehensible. But let them remember that Mr. Lloyd George has, for the greater part of his political life, been foremost in the councils of the Liberal party. During the whole of that time he made himself and his party responsible for proposals which were essentially anti-Liberal in character. From 1906, when the Liberals achieved a majority in Parliament, they have ceased to be a Liberal party. Their conversion to Socialism dates from then. The tide of social reform which had its origin and source in Mr. Lloyd George's heart and derived its force from Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric, dates from then. The Health Insurance Act, the Small Holdings Act, the schemes, new-fangled and ill-considered, for Agriculture and Land Settlement, the Budget of 1910, Land Valuation—these are the streams which submerged in their headlong rush the Liberal tradition. Is Mr. Asquith to have credit now when he declares with studied emphasis that Mr. Lloyd George has forsaken his ancient creed? Is he to be believed when he asserts that the Prime Minister has betrayed the Liberal faith?

Yet Mr. Asquith is a true Liberal. By nature he is opposed to fantastic schemes. He has no illusions. He cannot bring himself to believe that the world can be transformed by Parliaments and politics. He has none of the vices of the politician. He knows that no measure, or set of measures, has a tinge of the virtues which are attributed to it by its supporters. His breadth of mind and his perfect fairness, his dignity and his loyalty to his friends, are not the qualities with which fanatical Social Reformers are ever endowed. If for eight years Mr. Asquith remained under the complete domination of the present Prime Minister, and

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handed over, apparently without scruple, his whole party to the same master, it must have been because, like Melbourne, he believed that "you may serve the cause of wisdom and justice better by remaining with those to whom you have attached yourself, even after you disapprove of much of their conduct and prefer that of their adversaries, than by leaving them." Like a careful driver, therefore, he continued to drive the coach if only that he might apply the brake upon the wheel. It was evident to those who listened to Mr. Asquith at the Central Hall that he retained the most fundamental of his Whig characteristics, that he had an instinctive distrust of State interference, a lack of faith in the Governmental machine as an agency for millenia. Yet apparently he was afraid to proclaim his creed, and he certainly allowed his opportunity to pass without enunciating the constructive side of his belief. He confined himself to the most bitter denunciations of his former colleague which, by the irony of fate, are less appropriate to-day than they would have been when the two men were yet associated.

While, therefore, one cannot fail to have the deepest respect for this great statesman, while one may even believe that his disillusionment and his obvious dislike of motion are qualities which would appropriately fit him at this present time to preside over a Government, it is apparently not to him that we must look for a sweeping, searching, and energetic criticism of the vices of our politics, nor for a cleansing of our politics from the curse of the idealist and the fanatic. Mr. Asquith, particularly when in opposition, is only too prone from sheer lack of energy to accept, and even to advocate, the most strenuous programmes of social amelioration prepared by the more visionary members of his party. Instinctively, he is quite out of sympathy with them, but he has not the courage to admit it. This contest between the orthodox and the heretical exponents of Liberalism must therefore apparently go on. They do not differ in kind but only in degree. It is not about the tenets of their faith that they dispute. It is over the rubric that they quarrel. They must be left to celebrate their holy mysteries. The judgment of the observer can only be that saints, visions and miracles are common to both factions.

THE FUTURE OF THE PAPACY

A CHANGE in the Papacy is always a matter of political importance; none the less the Conclave of Cardinals which begins its deliberations on Wednesday next is faced with a situation for which, since the Counter-Reformation, there has probably been no precedent. The election of Pope Leo XIII, indeed, was an occasion of some delicacy, brilliantly justified by the choice of a man who contrived to combine the self-imposed seclusion of the Vatican with the maintenance and even the development of Papal prestige. The problems involved in the selection of the first Pope to acquiesce in the disappearance of temporal sovereignty, however, were simple compared to those which face the College of Cardinals in the coming week. The war has profoundly modified the whole position of the Church of Rome. Since the official defection of France from the Concordat the Vatican has depended on the support of the two pillars of the Church in Europe, Austria and Spain. Both of them by long prescription have certain ceremonial rights shared by no other nations, and each of them till 1914 retained the right of veto which could be exercised on the choice of any Pope of whom they disapproved. So far as we know, this veto has not been exercised by Spain in modern times, and is hardly likely to be exercised again. Austria construed her obligations very differently, and when at the death of Leo XIII the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, seemed likely to be the choice of the Conclave, the Emperor Francis Joseph exercised his veto without hesitation, and the Papacy passed to the peasant Car-

dinal whose reign as Pius X lasted till after the declaration of war.

The Austrian veto, exercised in all probability with the assent, and possibly at the instigation of the German Government (whose interests in the Papacy, in spite of official Lutheranism, became stronger and stronger in the years preceding the war) has ceased to exist. There is no one to wield it in Vienna, and the ex-Emperor Karl would hardly have the effrontery to issue orders to the Cardinals from Madeira. We are, therefore, in the presence of an election for the first time in the history of the Papacy for over a hundred years in which the choice of the Cardinals will not be subject to the interference of political agencies from outside. There are other aspects of the present election which differentiate it from, at any rate, all previous elections since 1870. The answer of the Papacy, jealous of its independence as the spiritual head of all members of the Church, to Austrian pretensions has always been to ensure that the majority of the Cardinals shall be Italian. It is the paradox of the modern history of this high office that while the Kingdom of Italy took away its dominion over Rome and left the Pope to the self-ordained imprisonment of the Vatican, the policy of the Church became in a sense more and more national. Ostentatiously ignored by the Government of Italy, the Papacy has become increasingly Italian in character. Of the sixty-one Cardinals at present in office, and therefore electors of the next Pope, thirty-two are Italians. A precaution which was originally designed to check the domination of Austria may now become the means of a reconciliation between the Kingdom of Italy and the Papal See. There have for some time been indications of advances on the part of the Italian Government. The Protestant powers, with the willing assent and co-operation of the State, have missions not only to the King of Italy but to the Pope. When Pope Benedict died the other day the public signs of mourning were for the first time shared not only by foreign embassies accredited to the King of Italy, but by the State as well as the Church. It is, therefore, possible that in this election a successor to Pope Benedict may be chosen with the object of ending the half-century of conflict between the Quirinal and the Vatican. Amongst the candidates whose names have already been mentioned by those who are speculating on the Conclave's choice it is significant to find the name of the Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa, who is the confidential adviser on religious matters to King Victor Emmanuel.

In another direction the problem confronting the Cardinals who have the momentous responsibility of choosing the Pope differs from that which faced the last Conclave. On the basis of population, if we consider as members of the Church only those who take a more or less active part in its ceremonies, it is almost certainly true to say that the balance of Catholicism has been steadily shifting since 1870 and that its greatest vitality is now outside Europe. In France, though unquestionably there was a certain alteration of opinion during the war, the official attitude of the State probably still more or less correctly represents the attitude of the people. Austrian Catholicism has been disintegrated; Polish has hardly had time to assert itself under new conditions. Only in Spain and Ireland can it be said that the Church of Rome maintained its ancient and unchallenged dominance in the hearts of the people. In the New World, however, there is a very different tale to tell. Canada, which is the centre of the Jesuit organisations, and Australia have large and vigorous Catholic communities, while in the United States the strength of Roman Catholicism may be judged by the fact that more than half of the soldiers in the drafts of the United States Army which came to Europe wrote it down as their religion. The Church of Rome in fact is becoming an English-speaking Church, and if not at this Conclave, then at the next the Cardinals may be faced with the task of finding, after a lapse of seven hundred years, a successor to Nicholas Breakspeare.

ECTOPLASM OR DELUSION ?

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

MR. FILSON YOUNG AS PSYCHIC RESEARCHER

By SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

[To economize space, Mr. Filson Young's comments on this letter are interpolated in small type.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have read the account you give of the séance at which you were my guest. On the whole I accept it as a fair though ill-natured account—with some omissions which you will perhaps allow me to supply.

Having assembled my guests I spoke a few earnest words to them in which, as you report, I said that such proceedings were not to be approached lightly, as they were either blasphemy or the most important thing in the world. I added that since we all knew and could entirely trust each other we were in a better position than mixed circles, and we could concentrate our attention upon the medium. Never for one instant did I imagine that one member of my party would, for any reason whatever, attempt to deceive the company.

[Nor did he, until he suspected that he was himself being deceived. See your own remarks below.]

When we had assembled and the lights were lowered, you at once declared that you heard jingling, as of bells, in your corner. This no doubt was an invention upon your part in the hope that some of the company would corroborate a false statement. No one else heard them. A lady shortly afterwards declared that she saw a whitish vapour in the room. You eagerly corroborated. No one else saw it. So marked were your activities that I said aloud, "Why, Filson Young, if you go on like this you will be giving a séance of your own soon." You are very particular in your account, but you do not give these details which tell against yourself. It is evident that you were either imaginative, or else deliberately deceitful from the very first.

[I do not accept the accuracy of this statement. The bell-like jingle which I heard was, I supposed, produced by an accidental movement of the musical box. The intention attributed to me is absurd, as I was still in a perfectly sympathetic and expectant state of mind. As to the whitish vapour, a touch of liver or a sudden plunge into darkness are excellent producers of light phenomena. And I must supplement your account of your own remark because it is significant. You said, "I should not be at all surprised if you turned out to be highly mediumistic yourself." This was quite in accordance with the atmosphere of persuasion and sympathy which you sought to establish. Your present account seems to suggest that you were making fun of me; but I must say that humour was an element that was entirely absent from your circle. 'Jingle Johnny' and 'Onward Christian Soldiers' are, as you would say, evidential.]

Presently, as you say, we heard voices. These voices were unquestionably male voices, deep and throaty. Both Mr. Douglas, who attended before you, and Mr. Sims, who attended after you, have given testimony to this. "There could be no doubt whatever that the tones were those of a man," says Quex of the *Evening News*. Since then these voices assuredly did not come from the medium, they must, if these were fraud, have been produced by one of the male sitters. These sitters were myself, the Secretary of the Psychological Society, H. Engholm managing director of 'Light,' and my friend Mr. Staveley Bulford. Do you venture to assert that one of us was personating the voice of a spirit? If so, which do you accuse? If not, whence came those voices?

[I have not professed to give an exact account of how these phenomena were produced, because there were half a dozen ways in which they could have been produced which would have afforded an infinitely more reasonable explanation than that of spirit voices. The letter from Mr. Barham on another page

explains one very simple method; that of Mr. Wood suggests another. So long as a natural explanation is possible, I must reject the supernatural.]

To clear the matter let me say that I sat at Darlington with the same medium two years ago, and got the same voices.

[Yes, and will "get" them wherever Mrs. Johnson is, until she gets a new repertoire.]

She has sat in every town of any size in England and those voices are familiar to hundreds. It was you by your ill-judged actions who prevented those voice displays from developing and from giving us further proofs which would have silenced doubt, if doubt were possible. You say that the voices had some inflections of the medium. Of course they had. In dealing with you I was not clear what you knew or did not know or I would have explained to you more of the elements of this matter. The material basis—the ectoplasm—from which the voice is produced, is of course drawn from the medium. [Of course.] At first, while the power is low, it will always retain some traces of her. As that power develops these traces are lost. I was once (this explanation to your readers rather than to you) on the point of exposing, as I imagined, a medium, because the voice in front of me was identical with his. Fortunately I waited, and I heard him breathing in his chair, while the voice imperceptibly changed to that of a near relative who gave me some excellent evidence. As to your criticism of the Lancashire dialect it is amusing, since it is the only one of the three which might be supposed to be natural to Mrs. Johnson, who comes from the borders of that county. I can answer for it that the Scotch of her control, David Duguid, is excellent, and the same is reported of at least seven or eight other languages which have been heard in her presence.

[The tones of David Duguid's, Mrs. Johnson's and the Lancashire voices had certain peculiarities in common.]

To resume my narrative, there came next the trumpet messages. The trumpet went to Mr. Engholm, at the further side of the circle, and he had a message which he declares to be evidential. It then went to the lady upon my left. This lady had come upon a special quest of which no one, not even I, her host, was informed. The medium said, "I see by the trumpet two figures, one of a young officer, the other of an elderly lady." The sitter told me afterwards that those were exactly the two whom she had come to seek. Then, just as she was getting a message which to her at least was sacred, you touched her. What could she imagine save that it was a spirit touch? How could she suppose that you would do such a thing, or how could she distinguish between a real spirit touch and the touch of your hand? What was there remarkable in her acquiescence? I fail to see how it could have been otherwise, or what credulity there was in supposing that she could trust her fellow sitters, after my assurance to that effect. The same applies to the lady on your left who also felt your touch. Both ladies complained to me bitterly of your conduct after the séance.

[I have explained, and you in one of your interviews stated, that the touching of the lady on the left with my elbow was accidental, and caused by my turning in my chair. I do not know why she should be "bitter" about that.]

You then thought it right to seize the trumpet which was in mid-air. Between the lady who was receiving the message and the medium there was my own rather broad frame, and on my right my wife, who assures me that she was in such close touch of the medium that any movement would have been detected. She assures me also, and I can partly corroborate, that the medium

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was talking to those about her while the message was going through. How then can you possibly establish your case that it was the medium who was bending forward past two sitters and talking to the third one? It is a physical impossibility, and enough in itself to stamp you as an incompetent observer.

[Physical impossibility? The line between the medium and the lady who was being humbugged was an arc of our circle. The circumference of a circle lies outside its arc, therefore your broad frame was not "between" those two points, in the sense that a line between them would have to cut through it. It was on one side of that line. Even Watson would admit this.]

As to the direction of the trumpet, of course it pointed away from her, since the power comes from her and the trumpet is actually attached to her by an ectoplasmic band.

[Good heavens!]

It is really your own want of knowledge and experience, and not the medium, which you are exposing all the time. If you would appreciate that this is a deep matter, and that it is impossible that a tyro could solve at the first glance what has baffled so many thousand, you would have gained the beginnings of wisdom.

You seized the trumpet and you felt resistance. This is entirely what one could expect, since the trumpet is held by the aforesaid ectoplasmic rod, which is a material object. You put the trumpet on the floor and the proceedings stopped. What is there in all this? It could not have been otherwise. Even mental want of harmony can retard or spoil a séance, and when on the top of this is added levity, deceit, and actual physical interference there was no possibility of re-establishing those delicate conditions which are essential to success. The medium I may add was ill for several days afterwards, and complained to my wife at the first moment you touched the trumpet of the sickness which she experienced.

[This is curious. No complaint was heard at the time that this ecto-umbilical outrage took place. On the contrary the medium kept on asserting that the power was "building up very strongly," and assured us that we should have some more "wonderful" results, and you all went on singing and hoping for another forty minutes. If this ghastly occurrence had really taken place and, as I understand it, the medium's ectoplasmic entrails had been torn from her, I cannot understand why she did not mention it at the time, or, if she did mention it to Lady Conan Doyle, why that lady did not immediately, in the interests of humanity, or of ecto-humanity, stop the séance.]

These are the exact facts, and if in any point you dispute them I am prepared to get the testimony of all who were present. As to the singing, it was carefully explained to you, since it was your first séance and you were ignorant of psychic matters, that a vibration of the air does help matters forward. The singing was secular as well as religious, which would never be the case had I the management of a séance. Every medium has individual methods. I quite agree that there is something incongruous and even comic in promiscuous conversation or music in which the medium's controls join, but this has to be carefully disassociated from those more intimate and more solemn messages which come direct to the sitter, and which by their very nature have brought absolute conviction to those of us who have experienced them. The attitude of the controls is at least consistent with our assertion that death makes no immediate change in mentality or in character.

Yours etc.,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Jan. 23rd, 1922.

P.S.—I observe that I have not dealt with your observation that you heard two intonations, one at Mrs. Johnson's end of the trumpet. Had that been so, we who were at that end would have heard it, and it would have surely been noted by some of the recent investigators who have sat with that medium.

[I cannot be responsible for what other people did not hear.]

SOME FINAL REMARKS

By FILSON YOUNG.

I CONFESS that any leanings I may have had towards spiritualism have been effectively discouraged by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; and for that I thank him. I do not at all understand why he should have been so annoyed with me, and I think it a pity that he should consider it necessary to impute bad faith to me. I make and have made no such imputation against him. He has tried to divert the subject of our enquiry from the genuineness or otherwise of Mrs. Johnson's manifestations to the question of whether or not my conduct in checking them conformed to his idea of the conduct of a gentleman—a matter of little interest or importance. On the other hand, it does seem to me a matter of considerable importance whether the voices heard in the Highgate parlour were the voices of the dead or the voices of a paid medium or her accomplices. He took me to Highgate in order to convince me on that matter; and I was convinced. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has offered nothing which a person who is not a professed spiritualist could accept as an explanation why the voices immediately ceased when I put the trumpet out of the medium's reach.

He has made one or two definite accusations to which I must as definitely reply. He could not have believed, he says, in an interview published in the *Evening News*, that instead of being an honest inquirer I was all the time in search of journalistic material. This is not true; and in support of my assurance, which I hope is all that is necessary, there is the fact that Sir Arthur himself was convinced of my good faith until I had exposed the fraud practised at the séance. I think that the letter I wrote him after it was also evidence of good faith; and if he had replied to it in the spirit in which it was written, and had asked me not to publish anything until I had made further inquiries, I should have fallen in with his wish. It was not until he wrote his angry letter to me and told me that he had been apologizing for my conduct to people whom I did not know that the decision to publish the facts was arrived at. It was he who made it necessary.

As to my "ungentlemanly conduct," I am in a little difficulty. I was not invited to a tea party at Colonel Cowley's house; and the occasion was not regarded by me as a social one. I regarded it as an opportunity for testing very solemn assertions, of the truth of which I required evidence before I could believe them. It was of much more importance to discover their truth than to conform to the standard of conduct required from people who attend musical parties in a dark room at Highgate. Mrs. Johnson accuses me (*Evening News*) of not "playing the game." If I had understood that we were playing a game in which certain rules were to be observed, and in which the control of the toys was to be entirely in the hands of certain people, I should have declined the invitation. I am therefore not to be blamed for having attempted to ascertain the truth instead of being content to be merely polite to a person whom I believed to be engaged in a fraudulent performance. It is no doubt very rude to interrupt a pickpocket and hand him over to the police; but it is more important to protect your property.

All this attempt to exalt the medium into the position of a kind of ordained priestess is really very impudent nonsense. Mrs. Johnson is a woman who makes money by a performance for which she could be imprisoned with hard labour; and I really cannot pretend to any more reverence in her presence than in that of any other adventurer who runs this risk in order to make a living.

Then there is the dark nonsense about the ectoplasm, of which it is difficult to write patiently. What I did was gently to take the trumpet, which I found extended in the air, and lay it on the floor; and the hand that released it to me did so very willingly. It appears now, however, that I am accused of having

violently torn away something which was attached to a lady's stomach, thereby injuring her solar plexus and giving her indigestion. This idea would have been almost incredible to me but for the words of Mrs. Johnson herself.

Mrs. Johnson said: "I have suffered intensely here, in my digestive organs"—and she pressed her hands to her waist—"ever since that man pulled my trumpet away."

"Pulling away the trumpet," said the Irishman, "would affect her as if an elastic were distended and let back. She would feel it in the solar plexus."

"I cannot go on," said Mrs. Johnson, "if my trumpet is pulled away. It hurts me too much!" And she looked at me. Mr. Sims assured her that I would be the last person to perform such an unmanly, unmannerly action.—*Evening News*, Jan. 20.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, to whom ectoplasm is apparently as familiar as cream cheese, who described himself as "simply bursting" with it, and Colonel Cowley's room as "saturated" with it, speaks as glibly about ectoplasmic contacts as you or I would talk of a hook and eye, and finds in it a ready explanation for everything that may puzzle other people. Yet all the evidence that the Psychical Research Society seem able to get about ectoplasm (*Proceedings*, January, 1922) is that they found some fragments of something which proved to be chewed paper on the person of a medium whom they tested; and they very frankly and honestly admit that in by far the majority of cases of alleged materialization which they have examined fraud has been discovered.

One more piece of evidence from Sir Arthur himself as to the nature of my unseemly conduct. Describing in the *Evening News* of January 23rd a séance which he attended, where he discovered that the voice of a relative had exactly the same peculiarities as the voice of the medium, he says, "*For a moment I was convinced that the medium was personating, and I nerved myself to perform the odious task of exposing him.*" Exactly; and since I was convinced that the medium was personating, I "*nerved myself to the odious task of exposing her.*" Then what is all this talk about "ungentlemanly conduct"? Sir Arthur admits that if he had been convinced, as I was, of fraud, he would have behaved in exactly the same way and risked an accident to the medium's solar plexus.

I would add that if the doings at private séances must not out of gentlemanly feeling be related, there can be no evidence at all one way or the other. All séances are private; and the bulk of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's own writings on the subject consists precisely of things which he alleges happened at private séances.

Finally, on the question of chivalry, which is the red herring dragged by Sir Arthur across the trail of this enquiry, I would add this: Sir Arthur and his friends must be aware that every time they pay Mrs. Johnson to go through this performance of communicating with the dead, she renders herself liable to three months' imprisonment or a fine of £25. If she has been convicted before, the risk may mean an imprisonment of two years with hard labour. They are not liable to any such penalty, because the law does not admit that you may be at once an accomplice and a victim in fraudulent transactions. They do it for their own satisfaction, running no risk themselves; and I ask which is the more friendly action, to deflect, by exposure, people who would be more honestly and safely employed as pew-openers, from these mischievous performances, for which they may be punished by the law; or by payment to incite and encourage them to continue? I leave the question to my readers.

The chief argument against spiritualists of this kind is their gross materialism. There is a real philosophy of spiritualism, and there is a quack philosophy; and I think that serious spiritualists would be the first to condemn this crazy search for "evidences" through channels which are continually being proved to be fraudulent. Surrounded by a world full of beauty and true spiritualism, as well as of pain and suffering, they turn their eyes from the study of the things about

them, the meaning of which can only be discerned through the heart and mind, to the study of things which they claim can be observed with the aid of trumpets, tambourines, chewed paper, feeble jokes and manifestations of a kind which most people take trouble to avoid in this world, and will certainly not hope to encounter in the next. The germ of physical disease attacks you when you are in a low state of health; it is always there; but it only conquers you when your resisting power is reduced. So these germs of quackery and humbug, which always have been and always will be present, only are successful in their attack on people whose mentality has been enfeebled, it may be by suffering and bereavement, it may be for physiological reasons, it may be from mere boredom and vacancy of life. Sympathy with the causes that have brought people to this condition should not blind one to the fact of its existence.

We cannot all have the same attitude towards things of the spirit. I have never said that the philosophy of spiritualism is mere fraud or humbug. I do not believe that it is. But I do say that the state of mind which produces this dismal explosion of trumpetings, tickings, and jargon about ectoplasm, guides, trumpet-mediums, and all the other symptoms of the stupor which my article unfortunately stirred up, is a far from beautiful or exalted thing; that it is an essentially ugly and base thing, and leads people away from truth and light into quagmires and abysses of self-delusion in which they completely lose all sense of spiritual direction. For me, at any rate, when I seek contact with the spirit world, it is not to these gross and childish assemblies that I shall direct myself. Rather than the environment of the dark room and the "psychic breezes," for me the sun and the wind; I am nearer there, as in the busy street or the country road, in the heather or the tide-rip, in the company of living friends, in the labour and the struggle of life, nearer—oh, a hundred thousand times nearer, to everything I have loved and lost.

DRAWING¹

By D. S. MACCOLL

TO the vast majority of our kind, who browse upon the "picture" papers of a morning and the "picture" films of an evening, how astonishing it must appear that anyone should still worry over drawing "by hand" any more than over the dramatic part of drama. The photograph may be relied upon to give what an artist unaccountably leaves out; the film to leave out what he superfluously puts in, for since "drama" (so mis-called) consists little in doing and much in talking, how satisfactory to cut the tedious conversations. The world is in love with the bastard arts: with photographs that imitate pictures,² with the outside of stories from which the inside has been emptied.

Yet the mad votaries of drawing linger as do the crazy lovers of drama, though the "pictures" are steadily driving both from their public haunts, by intolerably raising the rent upon them. For those votaries drawing is an activity or a contemplation blissful beyond all others. "The sea," said Euripides, "washes away all the ills of men"; and the draughtsman, like the swimmer, plunges into a kind, rhythmic element, a world remade for exercise of the eyes and wits. Exercise and medicine too: for the aches of the cranky body, for the megrims of the desperate mind. What was a threatening, boring, abominable spectacle is suddenly a feast: instead of "business" that was grinded through, here is a happy absorption for which

¹ 'Drawings,' 1459-1921. Loan Exhibition at Goupil Gallery. 'Paintings, Pastels, Etchings.' By Degas, at Leicester Galleries. 'Society of Graphic Art' Exhibition, at R.B.A. Galleries. 'Portrait Drawings and Drypoints.' By William Rothenstein, at the Cotswold Gallery, Frith Street.

² See 'Photograms for 1921.' Iliffe.

daylight is too short, meals an interruption, "recreation" a plague. Look at those unhappy holiday-makers, padding through "nature" with lack-lustre countenance, hitting balls into bunkers they have contrived, or sitting about with their rags of newspapers, and persuading their watch and overloaded inside that it is time for another meal: while the draughtsman in the open or in his bare room is solicited by shapes come alive and lucid out of a stagnant mess: is perpetually hungry, perpetually fed.

He has his bad moments no doubt. He is sick till the mess clears up, or when it comes down like a fog; sick when eye and hand refuse control; bunkered when something unresolved in his matter blocks the way. Yet how much happier is his art than the writer's; physically, as against cramped exasperating toil with the pen, mentally, as against wrestling to traduce into a chain of word-counters an integral of vision and thought. Compare a Tiepolo, revelling in the joints and relations of limbs cocked upon a cloud, with Flaubert, agonizing over conjunctions and relatives, nouns that will not fit, adjectives that contract or slop over, the cloud that cannot be embraced. Tiepolo, you say, is fluid ease and not a great deal more, and there are agonies for the draughtsman who goes deep enough: but he has not to fit a jig-saw from defaced and arbitrary symbols: he mirrors a vision fresh as Creation:

Herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

He begins stickily enough. I have never seen a description of the process. The novelist and vague writer lead us to suppose that the great artist pierces at a glance through superficial appearances to the soul, and draws its shape. No, if you please: the graphic artist is first and last superficial. He draws a man's head, and what of the soul is written there, exactly as he draws a potato, by drawing the skin. By trial and re-trial he finds, beside what is merely cosmetic, indications of the muscles below, the bones below them, the rhythmic structure behind the bones: but it is the skin he is drawing. And it is in the skin he finds traces of the action and suffering and habits of sense and spirit, puckerings, wrinkles, folds about eyes and mouth, puffings out and emaciations. At the end of his exploration he may stand back to determine his interest in all this, as in the simpler potato; what to take and what to leave: but if he be an explorer and not an imposer, he has lost himself meanwhile to find the thing. Stroke by stroke follows glance by glance, and builds up what may astonish his preconceptions, or confirm. Each stroke has something willed and not willed, going the way of eye and hand.

There is half the battle; the original rhythm of the thing, with its deflections, reached by patient exploration, then broadly presented, all hamper cut away. But meantime a second rhythm has been attending the draughtsman, to be accommodated and married to the first. A geometry has been defining itself, compounded of the shape of the frame and the main lines and masses of his object, affecting his copying, insisting on a subtle give-and-take, or rendering the whole process miserable and spiritless, because an initial mistake of placing or angle has been made. When the standing-back moment comes the revision and abstraction of forms in favour of geometry may be drastic; as it was from the claims of interest: but it should be expressive: furiously to substitute cylinders and cubes for organic shapes is a demented plumber-engineering, not drawing.

There is a third rhythm implicit in drawing, namely gesture: the sweep of the hand, the "touch" and "handling" of the fingers. With the bit between its teeth it is the calligraphy of the writing-master: it is to be distrusted or even fought and mortified when exploration is going forward; yet it is part of the integral, and fundamental like the other two. In the hierarchy of vision the order is design, representation, gesture; in the order of time the first movements of drawing are gesture; it is their last grace, and a personal seal.

From the infinite mixtures and balances possible to these three impulses springs the fascination of the drawings, ancient and modern, at the Goupil Gallery, and of drawings anywhere. One might examine them first on their ease or difficulty in the initial business, "finding the place" of features and other shapes. Even good draughtsmen make wild shots at the place of an ear. For a Sargent this part of drawing is child's play, and he is a little contemptuous of anything beyond, his interest lying with painter's values. An Ingres measures and plumbs, and refines upon inflections, pursuing them from the appropriate pencil-scale in the drawing of a coat to sub-visibility, almost stipple, in a head, uncomfortably near the miniature style, which must be looked at through a lens. Van Dyck draws fatly, to give roundness and carry across the room, and at Suffolk Street Mr. Spurrier is of his school in that, and Mr. Brangwyn, biting wide trenches on his plates in impatience with the weakness on a wall of the ordinary etching. Ingres must draw from the present model; Daumier cannot, but proceeds by throwing out wavering casts over his memory of a face, like an angler over a fish, till he can strike. Other contrasts are provoked by Ingres: against his meticulous elaboration, the inspired shorthand of Rembrandt, Poussin, Claude and Steer. Against his design, only happy in feminine ovals and ellipses, the architectural square build of Veronese. And against the "keep-sake" ideal of his Cockerell, the turbulent laughter of Rowlandson, whose balustrade and steps interchange their lines with tumbled blousy bodies and the flourish of inverted legs. Or, again, the irony of Degas, devoted admirer, but unable to get sting for his drawing from classic nude or traditional composition: for him the indiscretions of the key-hole, oddly cut and balanced scenes, the beauties of the "ugly."

But I must halt to find a space for Mr. Rothenstein's drawings. I should like to sketch the career of this extraordinary intelligence, with the conscience that drove his skittish youth to "probity," and to a hegira, as perverse as Max's, from town to country side, with its indigestible trees and farms. But all through the successes and failures of his painting one line has been unbroken: he has known who the interesting people of his time were, and has drawn them; forming, like Watts, a little National Portrait Gallery of his own, from which the other might well borrow to leaven pictures and photographs. The drawings are not always alive, and are sometimes maps; but every now and then a bit of valuable history is written. Among the heads here known to me I would single out those of Professor Ker and Havard Thomas, the sculptor and curious double of his brother Welshman, the Prime Minister.

GREAT RUNS

By DOUGLAS GORDON

UPON paper, hunting is just hunting, no more no less, though in reality there are as many degrees of difference in the sport itself, its conditions, and the manner in which it is carried on, as there are in the people who participate in it. Of these it would be easy to enumerate a score of distinct types, of which I select three. There is the man who comes out solely to hunt, the sportsman by instinct, for whom no issues exist apart from the hounds and their work. Take again the man who hunts to ride—a very numerous type. And last—perhaps most numerous of all—we have the conventional sportsman or sportswoman, who takes the field because it is the thing to do, and whose main pleasure is derived from the social side of the proceeding.

There are numerous factors which influence the whole spirit of hunting—the character of its promoters, the eternal question of finance, the geography of the country, one district necessitating an entirely different class of horse or hound from that best suited to another. Just compare, for example, the sport enjoyed in the grass or

flying countries with that seen upon the mountains or amongst the hills and stiff vales of the west—incidentally the country with which this paper mainly deals. The grass is the bruiser's paradise. There a gallop is the principal consideration, and hound work or the fate of any particular fox of secondary importance. But amongst the goyles and double-banks the bruiser is nowhere, and under such conditions the best sport is often seen by the "quiet-riding" veteran, who knows the probable line by heart as well as every break and fox-mouse in the country, and is always there or thereabouts to the no little wonder of the uninitiated.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to where one is most likely to find the "real thing." That, of course, is a matter of taste. I should say a flying country for the keen horseman, the hills for a hound-lover. Associations and kindly memories of wonderful sport and good-fellowship enjoyed in the olden days amongst the coombes and glades of Somerset and Devon incline me personally towards these rough but undeniably sporting countries, out of the way though they may be. And here, perhaps, more than anywhere else one still meets sportsmen of the old school, men who might easily have stepped straight from the pages of Surtees or Whyte Melville. In my mind as I write are more than one Michael Hardy and Red Rube, who are still "going strong" in this county of Devon. Masters of woodcraft they are, connoisseurs of horse and hound, though none of the men of whom I am thinking have ever realized their common ambition—a day in the Shires with some fashionable and celebrated pack.

I am sure that most people, conversant with the customs of up-to-date hunting, would be amazed at the feats of endurance performed by man and beast in the more remote fields. Within twenty miles of this spot I could name at least four hunts where second horses are unheard of. Yet foxes here are tough, and some of the greatest runs in the annals of sport have been recorded from these very countries. "Second horses!" an old M.F.M. whom I had the pleasure to know was wont to exclaim. "An absurd piece of foppery. It is nice, no doubt, always to have something fresh under you, but I would never own an animal that could not carry me all day." That was his attitude, and he, besides being a master of hounds, was one of the straightest riders of his day.

The man from the Shires would probably reply that it is nothing short of cruelty to hack fifteen miles to a meet, follow hounds all day, upon the same beast, and then hack home again. The horses, none the less, appear to stand it uncommonly well, their period of service as a rule well outlasting that of their apparently more fortunate brethren of the fashionable hunting-field. From a humane point of view, of course, the more changes the better, yet in these one-horse countries I have very rarely seen an animal seriously over-ridden; and when anything of the kind has occurred it has been upon occasions when a second horse, if out, would not have been available. It must be remembered that there is no jumping over the double banks, which saves horses a great deal; also they are necessarily of a sturdy breed, something with more stamina than a steeplechaser being needed to breast the hills. But, I repeat, foxes are good, great runs are the rule rather than the exception, and after all it is pace which tells.

I remember well eight hours of almost continuous going with the Cotley—one of the keenest packs in the land. This occurred in mid-April, when, following upon an afternoon of slow hunting, about sundown hounds began to race and ran on well into the Spring night, it being impossible to stop them owing to the darkness and the rugged nature of the line they took. It was a tough experience for all concerned, but, strange to say, hounds suffered more from after effects than did horses.

An even more remarkable performance was achieved by the late Mr. John Mitchell, who hunted a private pack of harriers in the Otter valley in the days when the famous Jack Russell was still an active figure in the same county. When drawing one of his own woods

near Honiton, he happened upon a travelling fox which led him clean out of his own country, through that of an adjoining hunt and away over the cream of Somerset to the utmost limits of the Taunton Vale. Long before the end the pace had been too good for the field. Alone at last, he plodded on, and night found him more than twenty miles from home, in unknown country, with hounds lost and horse dead beat. Like Jorrocks of old in a similar plight, he turned into a gateway commanding an extensive valley, and blew his horn repeatedly as a last resource. After a long while through the darkness he heard the patter of hounds' feet coming up a wet lane towards him, and by dint of view halloas and the constant use of the horn at length succeeded in getting most of the pack together. So far, so good, but what to do next was a problem indeed. His wisest course, as subsequent events proved, would have been to seek hospitality at some neighbouring farm. Naturally unwilling to do this, however, and scarcely realizing the distance, instead he set out to walk home, leading his horse, to give the poor beast all possible relief. The fearful tramp occupied the entire night and cost the life of his good horse, which, despite every care, died from exhaustion.

Some days elapsed before the full story of this memorable run and its finish was known to anybody. Then a paragraph appeared in a local newspaper. This had been inserted by a farmer of the Vale who stated that a mysterious pack of hounds had killed a fox in his yard late on a certain evening. Hearing the outcry he had hurried out, but the hounds, apparently unattended, slunk off into the night, and but for the dead fox, lying stark upon the cobble-stones, he would almost have attributed the whole thing to hallucination.

That was the biggest run of the century, and though it may read like a fairy tale, the incidents are purely historical. Its actual date I cannot remember, nor do I know whether anybody who participated in it is living to-day. Mr. Mitchell, who joined the great majority many years ago, was an old man when he told me the story.

"SATURDAY" DINNERS

IV. AT THE RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS

THE New Metropole Hotel is making a determined and intelligent effort to secure the patronage of discriminating diners. In addition to the Café des Anglais, conducted more or less on the usual hotel lines, it has in its Restaurant des Ambassadeurs a dining-room in which cookery of something like classic character may be commanded by anyone who beforehand takes MM. Hector Jaccarino and Maurice Graillet into his confidence. M. Hector, who was for many years at the Savoy, is a courteous, quick-witted manager, and holds firmly to the principle that the maitre d'hôtel must thoroughly understand the aims of the chef and work in closest accord with him. M. Graillet, diffident as a man, is a martinet as a chef, and can be roused to the expression of very strong opinions about gastronomic fads and the incompetence of many who pass for epicures or for artists in cookery. Together the manager and the chef make a good combination, and of their zeal to make the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs a home of good cookery and thoughtful, unofficial service there can be no doubt. If they can regularly produce dinners of the quality of that set before us their ambition should be speedily realised.

Here is the menu of this light and well-balanced dinner:—

Caviare frais aux Blinis
Consommé au Vin de Chypre
Brindilles d'Or
Suprême de Sole Caustière
Reine Pôlée Valrosney
Salade du Prieur
Biscuit Glacé Récamiér
Sabot de Frivolités

It was very evident that, throughout, the materials had been of excellent quality. To begin with, the

caviare, for a wonder, was the authentic thing. It was correctly served, too, as regards the main accompaniment, Blinis, those small, thick Russian pancakes made of flour, milk, eggs and yeast, though an undesirable departure from strict propriety was made in flanking the caviare with two sauce-boats. Caviare of the kind given us at the Ambassadeurs requires nothing to enhance its flavour except a squeeze of lemon. The soup, and this was almost as welcome a surprise, was of the delicacy requisite in the prelude to a choice dinner and was served in moderate quantity instead of with the indiscreet generosity shown by most restaurants. It belonged to the class of *Consommé au Vin de Madère, au Vin de Marsala and au Vin de Samos*, chicken and wine consommés most familiar to us at suppers but always agreeable if properly prepared. On first glancing at the menu we had supposed we should have, under another name, the pretty *Consommé aux Paillettes d'Or*, a brandy-flavoured soup in which minute fragments of gold-leaf sparkle, but the accompaniment turned out to be of the cheese-straw type. The fish, though a speciality of the establishment, did not seem to us to differ appreciably from the numerous well-known combinations of sole and crustaceans, though this may have been due to some accidental defect in preparation. With the fowl we reached a real triumph of good cookery applied to good material, for felicitous as was the garnish, which is M. Graillet's secret, the merit of the bird was undoubtedly due to the selection of first-rate poultry and care in the pöeling process. Even if served quite plainly it would have deserved the thanks we sent to the kitchen, since it was very tender without being in the least flabby and had a taste of its own instead of merely the taste given it by the garnish. The simple accompanying salad of artichoke bottoms and asparagus tops went well with it. The sweet excited less enthusiasm, being, though good enough in its way, of no great originality or subtlety.

The wine drunk with the earlier part of this dinner, in mere indulgence of the mood of the moment, was a sparkling Muscatel, nice for a change though seldom favoured by us. With the bird we had chosen Beychevelle, of the good though scanty 1911 vintage. Now Beychevelle, according to the official classification, belongs to the fourth growths. We do not pretend—who not professionally interested in Claret can?—to a complete knowledge of the fourth growths, and we will leave alone the question whether it alone of its class suffers injustice in being placed there. This, however, we will venture to say, that we have on various occasions had the luck, whether exceptional or not, to encounter Beychevelle equal to anything we know in the third growths and, leaving out Mouton-Rothschild, the Léovilles, Rauzan and Pichon-Longueville, not perceptibly inferior to anything we know in the second growths. The classifications are in truth open to some question. Very much more questionable are popular notions of the relative merits of the various superior Clarets. To read certain novelists and listen to some talkers, Lafite, it would be supposed, towered above all else in the first growths; but it is doubtful if it is ever better than the best Margaux, and certain historic vintages apart, we could takeleave to say that he who has drunk the finest Haut Brion has drunk as beautiful Claret as any ordinarily procurable, for all that Haut Brion is topographically an outsider and appears in the first growths only by courtesy.

At the Ambassadeurs we ought to have begun with one of the wines out of pre-war Germany, of which this restaurant has an unusually good stock, instead of the sparkling wine we did drink. Our choice of Beychevelle, however, could not have been bettered without going to wine definitely of another class and costing more than the half-sovereign paid for this Claret. It was in proper condition and had a pleasing bouquet.

The service at the Ambassadeurs, to judge from our experience, is quiet and efficient. We wish particularly to record that we were neither kept waiting nor

hastened from course to course. Another point: the waiters attending to us were careful to remove all accompaniments to a dish when the dish was done with, whereas in many restaurants the condiments or other accessories of a dish are by oversight left as annoying memorials of the earlier courses.

The bill for this dinner was:

	£	s.	d.
Two dinners	1	15	0
Half bot. 667	0	10	0
Bot. 278	0	10	0
Café	0	2	0
Liqueurs	0	7	0
	£3	4	0

From which it will be seen that the Ambassadeurs is not cheap to dine at, though lunch there, all things considered, is moderate enough.

•• Previous articles in this series, dealing with the Café Royal, the Carlton, and Romano's, appeared on December 17, 31, and January 7.

FOUR PLAYS

By JAMES AGATE

WHEN I was a small boy there was a game called "Indoor Cricket," much in vogue on wet days. Opening a book at random you spelled out the letters, which represented, according to code, a hit or a disaster. Thus *a* to *d* indicated singles and *e* to *h* fours, *i* to *o* threes, and the remainder twos. There were exceptions. *Y* stood for a six, and certain other letters the ways of getting out. *T* was "bowled" and *w* "caught." *P*, one felt, had to be "stumped," whilst *k* was obviously "leg before." *X* and *z* served for the fellow who obstructed the field or handled the ball. Say the match was "England v. Australia." You, being England, opened the batting with "W.G." and Shrewsbury. Your younger brother, as Australia, reached down some prosy volume and did the spelling, whilst you scored to each batsman in turn. The Old Man takes first knock and the game begins at, say:

... the endearing elegance of female friendship.

At once you are faced with catastrophe. *T*, and Spofforth finds the middle stump first ball! One for *o*. You look at each other with a wild surmise, silent upon the hearthrug. Now Steel joins Shrewsbury, who opens the score with a boundary-hit. "A.G." follows suit and both settle down to a fine, forcing display. Steel is the first to reach his fifty, but it is the professional who sends up the hundred. And now Palmer, coming on for an over before lunch, with his first ball deceives the Lancashire crack, who, playing forward, misses the break and lifts his toe. In an instant (*p*) Blackham has whipped off the bails. Two for 101—Shrewsbury not out 48. We go to our rice-pudding confident that England has made a good start.

One of the great fascinations of the game lay in the freedom to choose the best sides. One's power was absolute, and the passion remains to this day. Were I not a professional critic of the drama I should probably find myself writing to this or that theatrical selection committee demanding to know why the incompetent Mr. Dash should be preferred to the more than useful Mr. Blank. The latter, I should point out, is not only a first-class bat, but a good field, whilst his underhand lobbs have proved useful when better bowlers have failed. In other words, Mr. Blank is an all-round actor, who can play you not only a Charles or a Joseph, but can fill in with Hastings and Laertes. Such an one will do you a good Ghost, and has a Hamlet up his sleeve for an emergency. Unfortunately, I may not do this. What I may do is to sit in my stall and wonder how, given nursery freedom, I should have cast the play which it is my duty to see. Alas that the bowling of the present day dramatist should be so easily collared! Take Miss

Gertrude Jennings in 'Me and My Diary' at the Strand Theatre. On the easy wicket of the indiscretions of the modern diarist this lady sends down the feeblest stuff, conversational long-hops and prattlesome half-volleys, all of which Miss Ellis Jeffreys dispatches to the ropes with the greatest ease. It is sad to think that this brilliant lady, almost the only actress left to us who can play a woman of breeding, should be condemned to polish these kitchen pots and pans. She makes a jewel of every sentence, wears the paste as though it were diamonds, lending it the setting of her admirable distinction. It is a pity that some of the other characters do not catch at least a reflected grace. I allude to two "smart" ladies, impersonated by Miss Lettice Fairfax and Miss Phyllis Stuckey. The one presents a domestic scold, arms akimbo, in the act of "giving notice," the other a pert little baggage from behind the stores-counter. I beseech these ladies to beg of their "producer" permission to re-consider these portraits. If such haridans be really the "upper ten," then may the submerged lift up their heads and rejoice that, at least, they know not commonness. On the other hand, the housemaid of Miss Mary Sumner was of a vulgarity entirely refreshing and adorable. She wore what a modiste would call the wrong clothes, but the others wore the wrong minds. The play which followed, 'Old Jig,' gave Mr. Allan Aynesworth occasion for a stylish innings. He may be said to have carried his bat without giving a chance. The play is neither better nor worse than the average detective drama. Personally, I find it more amusing to spend an evening over a mechanical toy like this play than baffled by a problem in human conduct from which logic, morality and commonsense are excluded.

Such a problem is 'The Eleventh Commandment' at the Royalty Theatre. Should an English gentleman yield to a blackmailer threatening to tell the county of his daughter's dishonour? Should an innocent sister take the dishonour on her own shoulders and so rescue the county wedding which was in jeopardy? And how will she square the exactions of her own lover? These are problems for the films. Miss Viola Tree's obvious sincerity was too much for these absurdities; it burst the play to pieces. This actress cannot help being too tall; if she wants to succeed in rubbish she will have to help being too intelligent. There is a frank boyishness, an air of standing no nonsense about her, which is as devastating as it is delightful. For just exactly what we are asked to stand is nonsense, reams and reams of nonsense. Perhaps Miss Tree has not much pathos, but she would certainly show a more distressful bosom if she would refrain from twisting her feet under her chair after the manner of Mr. Jay Laurier's bashful gawks. Mr. Dawson Milward did not bend with success to that clowning of morality which calls for the unction of a Lyall Swete; he showed dignity as the blackmailer's prey. Mr. Edmond Breon, as the villain, was the essence of saponacity, blowing off each of his threats like soap-bubbles. There was iridescence in the pattern of his trousers, the bloom in his button-hole, the polish of his hair and manners. Mr. Martin Sands made an admirable butler. But there the strength of the side came to an end. Its tail was lamentable.

As I watched the excellent players in 'The Rattlesnake' at the Shaftesbury, my nursery game took a different turn. To play at casting such palpable fustian, which was also unintelligible, seemed hardly worth while. It was again a matter for the films. But given such actors and the nursery hand in plays, what piece could I put on which must be worse? Mr. Fisher White's Lear might surely, I supposed, bear comparison with any modern actor's. Mr. Milton Rosmer would give the best of his sincerity to Edgar, and Mr. Edward O'Neill, with his fine face and presence, must lend dignity to Kent. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt appeared to me hopeless at simpering beneath a pretty powdered wig. But Regan has not to simper and Miss Nesbitt would make a fine shot at that unquiet spirit. There remained Mr. Franklin Dyall.

Should I give him Edmund or Gloucester? Neither, after reflection, but Goneril! His sinister art would do the hag justice; she is beyond woman's power. 'Lear, then, let it be. When I awoke from these musings, it was to hear the representative of His Britannic Majesty pronounce the word "one" to rhyme with "yon." And then his retinue! Across my mind there came the refrain of an old song, "For gentlemen were gentlemen one hundred years ago." But these small-part actors, straddling and lolloping across the stage, represented neither gentlemen nor ladies; they had not learned to walk. If I must go back to my metaphor, they did not know one end of a bat from the other. Alone of the major players Mr. Cecil Cameron, an actor unknown to me, wore his pads with an air. He, I felt sure, knew how to make a century, how to touch his cap to the plaudits of the crowd, how, as he neared the pavilion, to break into a graceful run.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The only clear line of political cleavage at the present moment is that between visionaries and practical men, between people who are prepared to recognize the laws of the universe and those who are not. The Labour party is the mouthpiece of the rebels; and, if the next election brings a large accession to its strength, those who stand for the present social order will have to close their ranks and fight shoulder to shoulder regardless of names and labels. If, on the other hand, the tide of visionary idealism has turned, we may expect a bitter struggle for the spoils of office between the two wings of the Coalition, with the Wee Frees hanging on their flanks. That struggle will leave the mass of moderate men cold. In a world that is constantly changing, I do not see how Conservatism can be more than a relative term; to me it means sane and ordered progress as opposed to violent and destructive change. I agree that Free Trade is on the whole, preferable to Protection; but it is by no means the acme of perfection that its more ardent advocates would have us believe. It means that a large proportion of the wealth of the country is produced by bankers, financiers, middlemen, commission agents and shopkeepers on a large scale, who employ a few clerks but have no use for the working man. The latter naturally has no love for the system; and his discontent is sedulously fostered by politicians and social agitators.

I have little faith that government economy, however desirable in itself, is going to do much for the revival of trade. The trouble is not so much that we have lost our markets to our competitors, as that the markets have ceased to exist, and that it will probably be at least ten or fifteen years before they revive. By that time the whole character of our trade may have altered; and, instead of exporting goods to buy food and other necessities, we shall have to produce as much as we can for ourselves, even if we have to pay a higher price for our own products. Mr. Lloyd George certainly leaves much to be desired as a leader. He is astonishingly ignorant of political economy, even for a politician, and we have had to pay dearly for his ignorance. But he does learn a little by experience, and is not ashamed to acknowledge his errors when he sees them. On the other hand, he possesses a broad and sympathetic outlook; and even his mistakes have enabled the working classes to learn some valuable truths from experience.

28 January 1922

It is, of course, easy to dwell on the dark side of the Irish experiment, and he is a rash man who is prepared to bank on its success; but I believe that a large majority of the nation was in favour of making it.

Yours etc.,

ROSS MONTGOMERY

12, Charlotte Street, S.W.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Surely, if the old Conservative Party only need a leader to enable them once more to serve the State and to save the country from the morass of opportunistic imbecility into which it has been led by men whose lack of principle and ability is their most conspicuous characteristic, they have not far to seek. Courage, education, and loyalty, together with an ability to make himself understood by plain men, and at the same time a man of definite principles, such an one I venture to suggest is the Duke of Northumberland. I know many would acclaim him, and we might once more follow the old flag against the hypocrisy of so-called "Democracy," which bawling "Liberty" and "Freedom" means thereby "Liberty to think as I think" and "Freedom to do as I tell you."

Yours etc.,

"FACTUS SUM"

Malvern Wells.

[We do not think this a very practical suggestion.—Ed. S.R.]

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND HISTORY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech, as reported in the *Times* and elsewhere, there occurs the following passage: "After the Napoleonic wars Europe was so exhausted, war was so unpopular, you had no great European war for forty years."

It is an amazing sentence. A few years after Waterloo the Greeks rose and massacred thousands of Turks; the Turks massacred thousands of Greeks; the Morea was devastated; the Egyptian fleet sunk at Navarino, and a Russian army advanced to within a few miles of Constantinople. Sixteen years after Waterloo the Poles rose and engaged in a desperate struggle for independence. Eventually the Russian armies triumphed and "order reigned at Warsaw." In 1848 there was a volcanic upheaval in the Austro-Hungarian empire; fierce fighting took place in Italy; fighting took place in Germany and the Habsburg dynasty was only saved by a Russian army that the Tsar sent to its assistance. Within the forty years mentioned by Mr. George, Turkey was again invaded; France, England, Turkey, Piedmont sent armies to the Crimea, and in the Titanic struggle that followed, such misery came on Russia, that the burly autocrat who presided over her destinies died of a broken heart. Indeed, it is not too much to say that anyone who reads European history during the forty years in question, will agree that so far from Europe being exhausted and war unpopular, the nations of Europe were like hounds, straining at the leash, and great wars were continually threatening the world. There are several minor wars that might be added to my list.

No wonder Mr. George calls himself an optimist, if he reads history in this superficial fashion. As he is apparently impermeable to the teachings of history let him reflect on a matter that lies within his own experience. He started as a politician, advocating all sorts of humanitarian schemes destined to pave the way for the millenium, and his premiership will be associated with the greatest blood-bath that has been known in European history. Let him consider these two significant facts and then perhaps there will dawn upon him a dim conception of the lines on which the world is run.

Yours etc.,

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG

'THE DIFFICULTY WITH FRANCE'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to the letter from M. Davray in a recent issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and your question whether a powerful Parisian circulation is to be regarded lightly, may I point out that the circulation of a paper may be affected by other considerations than its attitude towards one political question. For example, I am myself a regular reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and also of the *Sunday Observer*, but this is chiefly owing to the Financial Supplement and book reviews of the one, and the musical and dramatic criticisms of the other. I should be sorry if the fact that I increase the circulation by one copy a week were taken as evidence that sentiments towards France, which are much less friendly than seems to me reasonable, were grateful to my inclinations. To be plain: I think that in the matter of journalism we have very little right to complain of the French; and if you, Sir, will give me references to those passages in *Le Matin*, during the last six months, which have seemed to you most unjustifiable, I will undertake at least to match them with anti-French passages from the *Manchester Guardian*, a paper which circulates widely in the remotest corners of England and Wales. I may add that if I had found in the SATURDAY REVIEW as much fair-mindedness towards France as I have found in the French reviews towards England, I should have kept unimpaired my waning belief that our national love of justice was reflected in its pages.

Yours etc.,

W. LANGLEYS

Stanwick Mansions, W.14.

[We are glad to print our correspondent's criticism, in the interests of "our national love of justice." But we take this opportunity of reaffirming our opinion regarding the French Press.—Ed. S.R.]

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am afraid the writer of 'A Day's Partridge Shooting on the Plain' in your issue of the 7th seems to think that in Norfolk we are not content unless we shoot no less than 300 brace in a day, have two or three sets of beaters, three guns each, and everything arranged and mapped out days beforehand.

We do not care whether our partridge shooting is "eclectic," or anything else, as long as we are out partridge shooting. The "Norfolk Purist" is content with as much shooting as he deserves, nor do numbers matter to him. As for the "Midland sportsman's scorn," surely the writer of the aforesaid article knows that the word "sportsman" means "sportsman," and as long as he is out after something a sportsman does not care whether he shoots 400 brace of partridges or ten rabbits; everything depends on what he can reasonably expect.

I may add also that Wiltshire is not the only place in England in which can be found the "Liquor of England's life," and "England's heart" may be found anywhere where a Union Jack is flying.

Yours etc.,

JOHN EDGAR

Merton Hall, Thetford, Norfolk.

[Our contributor writes: "Let me first assure your correspondent that the word sportsman was used, in this instance, in the particular sense, as distinct from poet, plumber or postman, and not in the general one that may include them all and obviously your correspondent himself. That made clear, he must surely admit that, as partridge shooting counties, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire usually rank higher than Wiltshire and do not lack advocates to announce the fact. With regard to England's heart

and the liquor of its life, what your correspondent says is profoundly true. We only modestly assert that, in Wiltshire, we are a little nearer to that heart and that the liquor is more pristine. And this we are prepared to maintain, with our backs to Stonehenge, against Borrow, Coke, your correspondent, and the embattled flower of Norfolk worthies."—ED. S.R.]

'HYMNS AND HUMBUG'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Spiritualism is one of the oldest forms of mass idiocy; we first hear of it at Rome, when in Juvenal's phrase, the Orontes became a tributary of the Tiber, and, as Dean Inge tells us in his magnificent edition of the works of Plotinus, it was an established diversion in the third century. As a matter of fact, what may be called the technique of mediumship has not advanced since the far-off days of the famous witchcraft trials. Indeed, the only innovation of consequence is the substitution of a zinc trumpet, which will not take finger-prints, for the traditional tambourine which has been handed down to modern spiritualists from the practitioners of Eastern mysteries in ancient Rome. The familiar spirits in the employ of the modern medium are judiciously kept in the background and have names that appeal more to middle-class respectability than those of their mediaeval predecessors. The latter often appeared in public—sometimes even in open court—and I find their names (such as "Sack," "Peck-in-the-Crown," and "Greedy-guts," to select those mentioned in a Scottish witchcraft trial) more picturesque than those recently adopted (Fedra, Rector, White Feather, and so forth). And the medium of to-day—if a male, he speaks of himself affectionately as "poor medie"—works in the dark, instead of serving clients in broad daylight or even acting as a conduit of psychic evidence in a crowded court. In the famous seventeenth-century trials of priests for sorcery, which Michelet mentions in 'La Sorcière,' the medium invariably at the hearing and the familiar spirits of the accused person, gave their evidence through his entranced lips. In the amazing Gauffridi case (France, circa 1630) two crazed nuns, who would certainly have lucrative private circles if they were living to-day, communicated evidence which brought about the condemnation of the prisoner who was, of course, burnt alive at the stake.

Here the historical confutation of the claims of modern spiritualism suggests itself. The evidence in these old sorcery trials was presented in the open court and weighed by trained lawyers who had at any rate a rudimentary knowledge of the principles of our modern Law of Evidence. There is nothing of the same order of reliability in 'Raymond' and other repositories of what the latter-day spiritualists accept as "evidential," to use one of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's favourite epithets. If, then, we regard the spiritualist case for communication with the spirits of the dead, materialization, etc., we must *a fortiori* believe that Gauffridi and innumerable other victims were rightly condemned and punished. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* which has never yet been honestly faced by the supporters of an old craze in new form which unbalances many weak minds and helps to people our lunatic asylums.

Yours etc.,
E. B. OSBORN

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—We all owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Filson Young for his courageous disclosure, and I think it would be cowardly not to support him.

In the first place permit me to state, in order to show I am not prejudiced in Mr. Young's favour, that I am personally assured that some fifty years ago I was in communion (not communication) with the dead. The

evidence for telepathy, also, appears to me so strong that, many years ago, I wrote a book on the subject assuming the fact of telepathy—a book still read. But I, too, have been to a dark séance where (coincidence?) the guide of the medium was named David. The phenomena were closely akin to those experienced by Mr. Filson Young. There was the same inane, if not blasphemous, sequence of hymns, comic songs and the Lord's Prayer. This was done "to support the vibrations."

Now the point I want to make is this: Put any conjuror in the place of the medium, with the people and trumpet arranged, as in Mr. Filson Young's case, in utter darkness. Then let all present be bound, not by the ordinary rules of behaviour, but by those rules which Sir Conan Doyle holds are imperative for ladies and gentlemen. That is, let everyone give a free hand to the conjuror to do what he likes, by a general agreement that no attempt of any kind shall be made to detect fraud. In such case I suggest that M. Houdini, Bagellay or Dingwell, for instance, could produce phenomena far more mysterious and, on their face, abnormal, than any witnessed by Mr. Filson Young or, indeed, myself.

Yours etc.,
F. C. CONSTABLE

Lansdown, Bath.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I be allowed to congratulate most heartily the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW on the complete exposure of the fraud and deceit of this demoralizing cult, which merits the warmest thanks of all sincere religious men and women of whatever class or creed. There is one infallible test which these people shirk and avoid and that is, Sir, that they always insist that their séances shall be in a darkened room. They in short fear the light, and I can assure your readers that if when they attend these séances they only carried in their pockets an electric torch and turned it on during the period when the so-called spirit voices spoke and other manifestations took place, they would instantly see the whole fraud and tricks at work, as I have done at séances in the past. Mr. Filson Young simply heard voices by the female medium or ventriloquist present, and when he touched the female next to him that is exactly what the mediums do themselves to those near them, only in the darkness you cannot see them at their deplorable and simple work.

The whole cult, Sir, reeks with fraud and trickery, and those who indulge in it are chiefly neurotic people whose minds have become simply obsessed with the subject and so mentally weak and deranged.

Above all, it is an insult to the awful majesty of God Himself, and a sin also in that their evil practices are wholly contrary to the Divine Will, as His holy Word shows.

Yours etc.,
W. J. STEVENSON

London, W.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—There is a point which arises in Mr. Filson Young's article which one would be glad to see elucidated. Perhaps you will allow me to address a question to you in the hope that Mr. Young will be persuaded to answer it in your columns.

It is this. At what stage in the episode was the medium first publicly aware that Mr. Young had disturbed the trumpet? If she knew at the time the lights were turned up she rather surprisingly said nothing about it. When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote his first letter she must have shared his knowledge that Mr. Young had "seized" it.

Between these two points, as he was leaving the house, Mr. Young confessed to a lady that he had

touched her during the "séance," and expressed a certain scepticism as to the voices. He did not, according to the record, mention the trumpet and what he had done to it. This lady, one imagines, communicated the substance of this conversation to her fellow-guests and to the medium.

Any rough treatment to her ectoplasm is said to be painful to the medium. Any roughness that may occur is presumably of human origin. Is it possible that the medium did not suspect that the trumpet had been snatched from her ectoplasmic control until she was informed that there had been interference of some sort—information she must presumably have received after Mr. Young's departure from the lady to whom he confessed his temerity?

Perhaps Mr. Young would confirm the circumstances.

Yours etc.,

RICHARD BICKERSTETH

Cavendish Club, W.

[As stated in Mr. Filson Young's article, the séance continued for some forty minutes after his interference, and no one complained that anything was wrong. On the contrary, great satisfaction with the results was expressed. It was not until Mr. Young had himself explained what he had done that anything was heard about "injury" or the nasty nonsense of "ectoplasm."—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Filson Young's delightful *exposé* of the Highgate séance will rather miss its mark if it leaves the impression that because of this discovery of fraud, the whole thing is as harmless as a conjuring entertainment. Granting that messages from dead mothers are a fraud, there may still be grave danger in thus rousing and playing with emotions, which are no less strong because they are little understood. It was probably Mr. Filson Young's sensitive musical ear which saved him from the spell which unbalanced the rest of the company. If, instead of gramophone and musical box and ill-sung hymns, there had been beautiful music adequately rendered, he might possibly have been hypnotized like the rest.

But suppose that one were at such a séance, sitting beside an attractive widow of thirty years of age, seeking her husband who was killed in France, and suppose that, before the light was switched off, one had felt her attraction, and that when the light was switched off, the perfume of her toilet had haunted one's senses. Suppose that, through the trumpet, she heard her husband's voice, and that one had deliberately touched her. Suppose further, that after the séance, at tea, one had paid her attentions. Then, it is not unthinkable that she would have been willing to leave the séance with one, in a state of emotional unrest, which might have had serious consequences.

Such dangers are under-estimated, perhaps because the women who attend such functions are, as a rule, unattractive. But there is no reason why the supposed widow of thirty should be pale and tired-looking. It is possible to imagine her glowing with health and vigour—an inquirer there for the first time. The unbalancing of reason and the moral sense is a real danger—and not less so, even if we have no belief in discarnate existences. Human personality is a very nicely balanced interplay of powers—reason, will, desire, credulity, wonder, imagination, all play their part. At least, and at the lowest estimate, such séances tend to disturb that balance, and can only succeed if they do so. It can also be upset by the excessive use of stimulants and drugs. Such upsets are familiar enough for their danger to be recognized. This is, comparatively, a new danger. There are, also, more disputable spiritual dangers, concerning which Catholic theologians and Sir Oliver Lodge would disagree.

Yours etc.,

LAURENCE W. HODSON

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The plain unvarnished tale Mr. Filson Young unfolds, in the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, of his experience at the spiritualistic séance he attended in Highgate will be acclaimed by every sane man and woman who reads it as a timely exposure of a silly and mischievous ceremony. It will also serve as a salutary warning to thousands of innocent and credulous victims who are pursuing, not the phantoms of their own imaginations but the deliberately devised machinations of interested mediums, who cruelly impose upon the bereaved and the sorrowing: dupes alike of their own feeble senses and the clumsy contrivances of mere tyros in necromancy.

It is an old story. My father, a physician, more than a half century ago broke up a similar meeting, conducted in the dark, within a magic circle, but without the aids of gramophone and trumpet, because of his well-trained powers of observation. But he was less cautious and sympathetic than Mr. Filson Young, exposing ruthlessly the impersonation by the medium of the re-embodied spirits of the dead.

There is a very serious aspect to performances of this kind when the names of well known and popular persons seem to lend authority and sanction to that which so frequently proves to be nonsense, if not worse. To Christians who still believe in the validity of the sacerdotal law, it may be suggested that wizardry and necromancy are prohibited as abominations in Deuteronomy xviii 10-12.

Yours etc.,

J. M'CLURE HAMILTON

Hermitage, Kingston-on-Thames.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to the séance which Mr. Filson Young attended at the invitation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the following extract from the January 1921 issue of the *Sphinx*, an American paper which is published in the interests of professional conjurers, may appear to have some bearing on the phenomena described.

THE DOCTOR Q TRUMPET SEANCE

... a small unprepared table is placed near him (the person producing the "effects") on which are a number of unprepared blank cards and an unprepared tin trumpet. . . . the audience write the name of some departed friend in the Spirit World and two important questions relating to them. The lights are then turned out and immediately the trumpet floats around the room answering the questions and calling each person by name, speaking to each one in a different tone of voice. Price 15.0.

Substitute the spoken word for the written question and you eliminate the problem of how the "medium" knows what the questions are. The descriptions appear to have much in common.

Yours etc.,

CHAS. E. WOOD

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Sir A. Conan Doyle's description of the séance as reported in your last issue is evidently quite correct. Neither he, nor any other spiritualist, believes in the vicarious sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ as commonly understood. Therefore to sing at a spiritualist meeting a hymn with a chorus containing the words "With the Cross of Jesus going on Before," is aptly described in Sir Conan Doyle's own words, as "blasphemy."

Yours etc.,

W. R. FOSTER

The Granville, Ilfracombe.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Permit a stranger to thank you most cordially and sincerely for your article on 'Hymns and Humbug' in to-day's issue. I am up in years and presently invalided, but I am still able to appreciate a bit of clever descriptive penmanship. 2nd Corinthians, iv. 4, is from the pen of a man who was no dullard, and it explains how men are caught in the snares of spiritualism. With many thanks for an article with an honest ring in it.

Yours etc.,
"HOMO"

Glasgow.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Will you show pity on a group of spirits who are suffering greatly? We are the "guides" of mediums and their conduct towards us is disgraceful. You, on earth, have abandoned the slavery of your fellow-men. But you have entered on a worse form of slavery—that of spirits. Think of what I have to do on earth! My mistress, whose slave I am, is very popular. So two or three times a week I have to be confined to a dark room with a lot of chattering mortals. Not only that, I have to join with these individuals in singing an olla podrida of hymns and comic songs interspersed with a gabble of the Lord's Prayer. All this is done to "keep up the vibrations" so that I may talk a lot of inf—I beg your pardon! I mean, so that I may talk commonplace.

Now I am sure the mortals enjoy, greatly, all that goes on, just as the Spartans enjoyed the vagaries of their drunken slaves. But think of me, think of all my brother guides! The time on earth is almost insufferable.

But I must stop, my mistress calls me. I am late. I can already hear her friends singing, 'Tommy make room for your uncle.' Do help us.

Yours etc.,
D. G.

[The following letter appeared in the *Evening News* of the 21st inst., and is reprinted here as being of especial interest.—Ed. S.R.]

Sir,—Every manifestation made by a "trumpet medium" could be carried out anywhere by an intelligent electrician.

A simple telephone circuit with a loud-speaking attachment at one end is all that is required. By its aid an assistant at a distance could hear all said at a séance and reply appropriately and his voice would be plain, distinct, and apparently delivered within the room.

The loud-speaking attachment could be hidden anywhere, even in a musical-box or chimney. The trumpet would be a mere dummy, to suggest a reason, to the audience, for the somewhat metallic sound of the voice from the loud-speaking device.

The simplest test for a "trumpet" medium would be to take her by train or car to some town only decided upon by a responsible third party at the last minute. Arrived there, she should be taken to some hotel and stripped and searched by a police searcher. She should then be taken to a private room, given a clean and sterilised trumpet, and told to carry on.

With proper precautions, a test of this kind should do much to satisfy those critics who, whilst admiring the straightforward simplicity of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, deeply regret his abnormal credulity.

G. BASIL BARHAM,
Ex-Associate Member Institution
of Electrical Engineers, and author
of "Electrical Installation Work,"
etc.

[This correspondence is closed.—Ed. S.R.]

[Many letters have been held over owing to lack of space.—Ed. S.R.]

Reviews

HUMAN MARRIAGE

The History of Human Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. Fifth edition. Macmillan. Three volumes. £4 4s. net.

THIS is a completely rewritten version, enlarged to three times the original size, of a work which was first published exactly thirty years ago. It appeared with a commendatory introduction by Alfred R. Wallace, and was at once granted the high place it has ever since occupied, although there have always been some who feel unable to accept various views which the author sought to establish. But even opponents have been respectful and found profit for themselves in Dr. Westermarck's work. For its distinguishing marks in the early edition were not only its broad biological outlook, and a meticulously careful scholarship, but a seemingly unbounded command of the ethnographical material concerned, combined with judicial sobriety in drawing conclusions from that material. Yet, thorough as the book was along its lines, there were some aspects of the subject that Dr. Westermarck passed over lightly or even ignored. One was the influence of magic in moulding the rites of early marriage, and indirectly, by its transformations, the later rituals, even the general conceptions, of the institution. This lack in his equipment Dr. Westermarck with characteristic thoroughness, set about to remedy by spending six years in Morocco, where he minutely studied the magical ideas and practices with which that land is richly stored. Not only were there these gaps to fill, but the whole book was beginning to be a little out of date by reason of new and fruitful investigations pursued in recent years on every side. The author has, therefore, been occupied for some years past in again working elaborately over the field, embodying the latest investigations, fortifying his position against attacks, and modifying his arguments where he thought it necessary, though at no point changing any of the main conclusions. The result we see before us. This *History* is a treasure-house of scientific research to which every student must come who claims to explain any of the weighty social problems bound up with marriage. It is also, for those who make no claim to be scientific students, one of the most fascinatingly interesting books to read that can well be found.

In its present and probably final state there is indeed only one work with which the 'History of Human Marriage' can be compared, and that is the now still more extensive 'Golden Bough,' which has been the chief life-work of Sir James G. Frazer. The two works have obvious points of resemblance; they are both by men of immense learning who are concerned with the operations of the primitive mind and the details of primitive human practice in order to trace the sources of the mental operations and social practices of mankind to-day. The two investigations in fact often overlap. Frazer enters Westermarck's sphere, and there is no writer to whom Westermarck refers so often as Frazer. But when that is said, and we come to look closer, it is the differences that we note. Frazer, in his discursive way, touches nearly every aspect of human thought and action, throwing out brilliant suggestions in many directions. Westermarck, though his net is cast as wide, or even wider, is only concerned to gather in what bears on one subject, and while dealing with the most diverse aspects of it he is methodically seeking to elucidate a single social institution of primary importance to mankind. Frazer seems always to have instinctively before him the ideals of literary scholarship; Westermarck, the ideals of biological science. Frazer is something of an artist; we divine in him a certain pleasure in the charm and strangeness of some of his own speculations; he seeks after style, is even willing, as in the last and oft-quoted paragraph of his great work, to attain a fine effect by a deliberate sacrifice of probability. For Westermarck there is no question of purple patches, he is manipulating

a language which is not natively his own and is content to attain the scientific qualities of precision and clarity. We realize, moreover, that these qualities of his writing fit the qualities of his mind, he is not concerned with æsthetic effects and, one imagines, would rather put forward no speculations at all than any which are not solidly based. So that while both these great works are of profound interest to any reader who has any intelligent care for the problems of human life and thought, he is likely to read the 'Golden Bough' for its brilliance and excitement and far-reaching suggestion, and the 'History of Human Marriage' for the steady illumination and weighty judgment which it brings to the most vitally intimate of social institutions.

While, however, all the parts of Professor Westermarck's book are organically articulated to the whole, it is still possible to take many of the chapters separately and to find in them monographs attractive for their own sakes. In this way we have here interesting and sometimes, indeed, amusing studies of the Human Pairing Season in Primitive Times, of Modesty, of Courtship, of the Primitive Means of Attraction (especially ornament and clothing, now generally held to have been their chief origin), Religious Celibacy, and Divorce. This last subject is dealt with at length, both in its savage and civilized aspects. Dr. Westermarck finds that marriage tends to be durable even among peoples in primitive stages of culture, as we should expect if it really rests on a natural biological basis. It is because marriage is so natural an institution that we need not fear to allow a large freedom of divorce, for that freedom cannot destroy but will, rather, confirm its stability and purify its practice; it seems reasonable, the author concludes, that a contract entered into by mutual consent should also be dissolvable by mutual consent; such freedom of divorce is necessary as a means of preserving the dignity of marriage, and is even desirable in the interests of the children.

Although it is impossible to contest Dr. Westermarck's learning (which, indeed, the list of "Authorities quoted," extending to 120 pages, sufficiently justifies) and equally impossible to doubt the well-considered weight of his judgments, points of detail must still remain for criticism. There can never be complete agreement on some of the obscure problems connected with the evolution of marriage, especially the question as to whether a strictly individual marriage existed from the outset, on which Dr. Westermarck takes the affirmative side; nor can anyone ever be completely competent to discuss all its varied aspects. The study of the psychological basis of marriage has in this new edition been greatly extended, with care, and it might be added, courage, for Dr. Westermarck holds that "the concealment of truth is the only indecorum known to science." From the standpoint of sexual physiology and psychology there is, however, sometimes more to be said than is here brought forward; for instance, in the chapter on Female Coyness, the physiological reasons for the need of courtship in the female require to be supplemented to complete the account of the process probably involved. One may also note the almost complete absence of reference to the psycho-analytic explanations of sexual and social phenomena which have of recent years been put forward. No doubt it seemed hazardous to so cautious an investigator to venture into a field which has been invaded by the ignorant and the cranky. But the field has now also been entered by many serious thinkers, even by sociologists, so that psycho-analytic explanations deserve at least consideration, the more so at Dr. Westermarck's hands since they carry on those psychological lines of explanation to which he reasonably attaches importance.

There are several points at which it might be possible to carry further, or perhaps to qualify, the views put forward in this History. But they do not affect the solidity of a work elaborated with such patient care and thought, with so constant an eye to its large outlines, that it constitutes one of the scientific monuments of our time.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM

Readers and Writers. (1917-1921.) By R. H. C. (A. R. Orage.) Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

THE parenthetical nature of the title page of this book is due to the fact that it contains a selection from a series of weekly causeries contributed to the *New Age* by Mr. Orage over the initials R.H.C., of which those here reprinted appeared between the years 1917 and 1921. As a rule weekly journalism of such a kind binds but poorly into a volume, and though Mr. Orage's articles cannot be said altogether to differ in this respect from others, yet many will be glad of the opportunity of keeping his comments in a permanent form. For Mr. Orage has brought to his weekly task a complete philosophy of letters and has endeavoured "to treat literary events . . . with continuity, consistency and policy ordinarily applied to comments on current political events"; and this sustained standard of criticism (for that is what his design implies) not only in part counter-balances his diversity of subjects, but also gives to all that he writes a certain definite weight and value. These articles—paragraphs almost—are more than the *obiter dicta* of most weekly causeries. Mr. Orage wastes no space upon preliminaries and periphrases; he plunges straight into the heart of things, judging them always by their ultimate values. Unlike Mr. Squire, of whom he says the *Times* wrote in compliment that as a literary causeur "he never makes you think," Mr. Orage invariably does so. You are in deep waters on almost every page; you cannot escape from the force and lucidity of his arguments; he pursues you unrelentingly and compels your attention. Indeed, in a great many instances there is no argument, only plain incontrovertible truth.

From these statements it will be deduced that Mr. Orage has unmistakably a mind. His is a mind, moreover, that expresses itself with considerable grace as well as force. And for this reason it is interesting to read his opinion on style in criticism, that it "cannot be too simple and unaffected."

It is a common practice [he says] for a critic to approximate his style to the style of his subject; for example, to write about poetry poetically, about a "grand impassioned writer" in a grand and impassioned manner. By so doing it is supposed that a critic shows his sympathy and his understanding of his subject. But the method is wrong. Criticism is not a fine art. The conversational tone is its proper medium, and it should be an absolute rule never to write in criticism what cannot be imagined as being easily said.

His own style at least bears out his contention. Later on he writes that the proper rule of English style, for all purposes, is the reverse of that laid down by De Quincey; "it is on no account to write upon 'grand impassioned subjects' in a grand impassioned manner." The last comment in his book is headed 'The Best is Yet to Be,' and in his preface he predicts that "the perfect English style is still to be written."

But Mr. Orage is not alone concerned with style. Indeed his subjects are so many and so diverse as to defy criticism in the small space at our disposal. He has something to say—not always polite, not always, as we think, correct, but consistently stimulating—about Henry James, Turgeneff, the New Europe, Puritanism, Plotinus, Nietzsche; a good deal about Marx; a great deal about Messrs. Pound and Wyndham Lewis; and something on a score or more other subjects. To all of them he brings much clear thinking and a wise psychological apprehension. It is the more surprising therefore to find this writer suffering from a variety of the "Shakespeare is Bacon" disease. Mr. Orage does not think the writer of the plays was Bacon; but he thinks he was someone other than Shakespeare—perhaps one of the anonymous translators of the Authorised Version. As usual, he produces formidable arguments in support of his contention; but this time we decline to be convinced.

MR. WELLS ON WASHINGTON

Washington and the Hope of Peace. By H. G. Wells. Collins. 6s. net.

MR. WELLS once said publicly that he would rather be called a journalist than a man of letters, and in this new book of his he describes himself as "a novelist in his spare time." The difficulty of distinguished persons who thus abandon the profession in which, as in the case of Mr. Wells, they exercise nearly incomparable gifts, is that when and wherever they go, they go too far. Mr. Wells is not so much a journalist as a caricature of a journalist. He produces, as the mathematicians say, the line of his egotism till it ends in an infinity of farce. Few journalists would be guilty of writing in a manner so self-centred, so desultory, so completely at the mercy of the irritations or enthusiasm of the moment. And none, we think, would have been so rash as to republish these fugitive articles—written, no doubt, running, so that whoever ran might read—without abating one atom of their crudities, their hastiness, their tendency to overlap one another and their frequently mistaken adherence to the news or views of the day on which they were written. Mr. Wells betrays in this book, as in his last and worst book (worse even than this) a kind of feverish laziness which impels him to journalistic activity without leaving him the patience to revise and co-ordinate whatever he has written in a hurry. Full to the brim as he is with ideas, and adventurous in his search for fresh points of view, he fails to give his reader the measure of his essential ability as a student of politics because he is casual when he ought to be careful, and quite exasperatingly unable to keep to the main thread of an argument without the perpetual intrusion of little personal notes, which add no value to what he has to say, and which have an inconsequence and futility which belong not so much to Mr. Britling as to Mr. Kipps.

For this reason it is, we fear, impossible to review this book in the ordinary sense of a review. We might as well try to review a month's issue of the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Express*. We may, however, be permitted to venture the hope that when Mr. Wells, now on his return from Washington, has mentally settled down, he will abandon the journalist, re-capture the man of letters, and do the book on Washington which we have a right to expect from a man of his genius.

MODERN CHINA

Chinese Mettle. By E. G. Kemp. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.

MISS KEMP knew China well under the old order of things. Her new book is based on a six months' journey in the course of which she recently visited thirteen of the eighteen provinces. It is her rooted conviction that the future of the world depends largely on what happens in China during the next decade. The marvellous revolution of the last ten years, during which the oldest empire in the world has completely changed its whole government and institutions, has not been so closely followed by the general reader in this country as it deserves, owing to certain preoccupations. Miss Kemp thinks that not only the institutions but the characteristics of the people are changing. Certainly we should have looked in vain, ten years ago, for such a Chinese statesman as General Yen Hsi Shan, the Governor of Shansi, to whose work and personality Miss Kemp devotes one of her most readable chapters. It is not merely that he has succeeded in enforcing order throughout his province—incidentally devising a system by means of which he is within twenty-four hours' touch of any part of a province larger than England, though there are only seventy miles of railway and telegraphs—or that he is an enthusiast for Western ideals of education. He is also the leading revivalist in the province, having

founded a "Wash the Heart Society" which strongly reminds Miss Kemp of the Mission of John the Baptist; he is one of the most widely read authors in the world, the first edition of his little treatise on 'What the People Ought to Know' having amounted to 2,750,000 copies; and he has been known to ride in a bicycle race in order to assist in the popularization of athletic sports. It is perhaps not surprising that the Central Government proclaimed him in 1918 to be the Model Governor. One regrets to learn that this pattern of all the virtues is unpopular in his own province, on account of the heavy taxation imposed by his multifarious enterprises, and is nowadays only able to show himself under a strong military guard. Another remarkable character of whom Miss Kemp writes with great enthusiasm is General Feng Yu Hsiang, who "has compiled a treatise on military service, redolent of Christian Morality, which every one of his men can repeat by heart." We should like to compare this treatise with 'The Christian Soldier,' once published by a private gentleman in the Life Guards. It has evidently been more effectual. An American missionary who had spent a year among General Feng's troops never heard a single oath, and more than one third of the army "are already members of the Visible Church." Miss Kemp tells us much about the progress of mission work in China, though it does not always flourish so abundantly as in the camp of this masterful proselyte. Her most striking chapters, perhaps, are those which deal with the little known province of Kweichow (the Land of Demons) which the late Dr. Morrison considered to be the most beautiful and interesting part of China. It was there that Miss Kemp for the first time discovered that the singular mountain forms which she had always thought to be a product of the Chinese artist's imagination really occur in nature. She gives a picturesque account of the curious aboriginal hill tribes of Kweichow—the Great Flowery Miao and the Little Flowery Miao, whose clothes are as fascinating as their names. Miss Kemp's book is well worth reading, and its value is enhanced by good reproductions of her spirited sketches, both in colours and in black and white.

"I TOLD YOU SO"

A Revision of the Treaty. By J. M. Keynes. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. MAYNARD KEYNES'S first book acquired great fame and an unprecedented circulation for a work of its kind—how unprecedented may be gathered from the pride of the publisher's note at the end of this volume, which informs us that it has appeared in twelve languages including Chinese, and that its sale in all has amounted to 140,000 copies. It is hardly to be supposed that this new book, which is in the nature of a sequel or, as the author himself says in his preface, almost an appendix to the old, will have the same success. It lacks those few pages of bright indiscretion in which Mr. Keynes let his readers into some of the secrets of the Council of Four. It lacks, too, the coherence and the ordered marshalling of argument which distinguished 'The Economic Consequences of the Peace.' Mr. Keynes's thesis in his first book was, it will be remembered, that the Allied reparations claims against Germany would be proved impossible to collect, that in the case of the claims in respect of pensions they were unjust, and that an attempt to enforce their collection might ruin Europe. This thesis is re-stated in an allusive and slightly desultory way in the new book, mainly on the basis of "I told you so." It is enforced partly by incidents which have occurred since the publication of his first book in the matter of the delivery of coal and the receipts and expenses relating to reparation up to the date of May 1st, 1921, and partly by a re-statement in his most professorial manner of Mr. Keynes's views about the pensions question and on the legality of occupying Germany east of the Rhine. The

main point which Mr. Keynes makes in this new book is stated by him as follows :

"If the result of pressing the debtor country to pay is to cause it to offer competitive goods at a lower price than it would otherwise, the particular industries in the creditor country which produce these goods are bound to suffer, even though there are balancing advantages for the creditor country as a whole."

Mr. Keynes appears to believe in this theory and he makes it the basis for his argument against the enforcement of large payments from Germany. We fancy that many economists will be totally in disagreement with him. They would say that as the bulk of German industry was competitive with this country before the war, the motive for competing as strenuously as possible with ourselves in the consuming markets would be present to the German manufacturer to just as great a degree if there were no indemnity question at all, and indeed that the necessity of paying an indemnity might, by tending to raise the cost of production, mitigate some of the severity of the competition to which we are, or are going to be, subjected. Mr. Keynes's book would be easier to read and possibly more valuable as a contribution to an immensely difficult subject if it were couched less in the first person and were less concerned with vindicating the author's predictions. There is just a suspicion that what interests Mr. Keynes is not so much peace as Keynes on peace. The book, however, will be valuable to students of the economic situation in Europe, if only because it reprints, in so far as they are available, the various allied agreements from the Spa Agreement of July, 1920, to the Wiesbaden Agreement of October last.

A SHEPHERDESS OF SHEEP

The Second Person Singular. By Alice Meynell. Milford. 6s. net.

MRS. MEYNELL remains a shepherdess of sheep. In the new volume of her essays, selected from a number not hitherto printed in book form, she is seen walking upon the uplands of language, shepherding her charges into her fastidious fold, carefully excluding those beasts whose lineage is not pure, whose features, like Leigh Hunt's, are snubbed and flattened by a too intimate commerce with the herds of the foothills and the fat, unparticular plains. Her devotion to her shepherdry is not attended by the meek piping associated with that art. There is an altar within her wattles at which she stands like some votary, her brow bound with fillets, and white garments about her. Here she utters, in sonorous and immaculate language, condemnation of her rejected and praises of her elect.

At her finest, the prose of Mrs. Meynell is indeed queenly. Of stone texture though it seem, it responds subtly, in colour and modulation, to the mood which is engaging it or the inspiration by which it is quickened. Thus, in her opening essay on 'Superfluous Kings,' it is Shakespeare and his implicit reverence for royalty that she is engaged upon, and the knowledge that kings shall become "for the student, first a matter of mere literary interest, then a matter of mere literary curiosity, next a matter of some new derision." It is then she adds, almost casually, "We need no new derisions: our wits are apt to mockery." Might these words not have been written thus :

We need no new derisions: our wits are apt
To mockery ?

And would they not then appear the high pronouncement of some royal lady inviolable in her exile, speaking out of Shakespeare's own mind in words somehow unaccountably forgotten by us?

In her treatment of Coventry Patmore once more her language attains the last dignity of prose. Her actual estimation of Coventry Patmore is not here our concern; we can say merely that we are exalted by her exaltation.

(How near topmost Parnassus she places this poet is well enough known: and he who wrote

Alone, alone with sky and sea
And her, the third simplicity

is worthy of no mean height). Yet when she passes wholly from the consideration of men, of poets even, to a communion with hills and waters, she produces a cold magnificence of writing which has rarely been equalled. Low lanes and greenery, the steam of meadows, spring flowers in woods that make by day a second starry heaven—these things are too easy and familiar to impel her to her finest music. Her eyes must "have their horizons lifted by the line of great mountains."

The white tops of mountains [she writes then], and the climax of storms, forests in their utmost leaf, waves at the crest, waters in haste—what a gathering of blossoms is this from the summits of the world. . . .

It might be expected that a writer so austere as Mrs. Meynell would have the defects of her somewhat icy virtues. Jane Austen, for instance, she reproves for not possessing those qualities which are the actual reverse to the obverse of her gifts. We are content to forgo in Jane Austen a mellow sympathy for the young. That was to be Elizabeth Barrett's equipment. We should not like Jane Austen to have competed with her, and to have neglected as a consequence the young ladies of Bath. Mrs. Meynell's industrious examination of Gibbon's prose for vulgarities and colloquialisms is more surprising. We should have anticipated more affection for that portentous author than Mrs. Meynell's essay, 'A Corrupt Following,' displays. But we are grateful to her for drawing our attention to a surpassing line from Pope and a comment upon it by Anna Seward, the late eighteenth-century "Swan of Lichfield".

And gulphy Xanthus foams along the field,

sang Pope. "Than which a more poetic line," declared Miss Seward rapturously, "was never written!" If only the lyric lady could have anticipated certain of the "poetic lines" our own contemporary poetry was to furnish for the admiration of posterity! If she could have anticipated Mr. Masfield singing

For want of thought commend me to the shore!

or Miss Iris Tree, invoking in her agony

Worm that shalt come at last to be my paramour!

A COURAGEOUS VAGABOND

A Wayfarer's Caravan. By A. Alexander. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

THE essential quality of the vagabond is courage, not sentiment. He must first desire the elemental things, from food and shelter to adventure: and allow what sentiment must to follow in the wake, giving it almost grudging permission of entrance. Mr. Alexander, who is taking a notable place among literary vagabonds, describes himself in the course of his latest vagabondage as an ex-instructor in physical training to the R.I.C.; and exercises the apostolic privilege, and capacity, to knock down with scientific blows under the chin, and on one occasion below the belt, any wayfarer who challenges the appeal to arms. He was indeed within an ace of using his sword—of all weapons—in a suicidal bout with Irish gunmen. When Mr. Davies, the supertramp, lost his foot under the wheels of a train he mentions the fact in the course of his narrative, and lets it go at that, seldom referring again to the detail. If the wild Irish witch had quite, as she had nearly, scragged out Mr. Alexander's right eye, he would probably have described the misfortune with vigour and never thereafter paraded his black patch. This attribute of natural hardihood brings double value to a book. It helps to attract adventure and strengthens the manner of its telling.

It is extremely difficult not to compare Mr. Alexander with his predecessors, especially Borrow. Apart from

inherent and intrinsic similarities, Mr. Alexander deals with gypsies and makes play with his few phrases of Romy, and crosses wild Wales. Subject matter as well as manner tally. But a certain insult is involved in any comparison. If you compared Miss Ethel Dell with Shakespeare, she might justly complain that her circulation was larger, her obscurity less, and her romances less complicated. Individuality is the cardinal virtue after all, and Mr. Alexander is as individual—as truly himself and that a most robust self—as any writer of the day. The only passage in his racy book that is at all sophisticated or affected is the short preface. Amid some curious lapses in grammar he offers his readers the opportunity "To enjoy the pure air of health; to view the varied landscape; to inhale the sweet-scented hedgerows; to admire the jewel-winged butterflies and the passing and carolling of birds." The language is almost saccharine, and it does not convey a truth. The "pretty-pretty" is wholly absent; the contributions to natural history—when they extend beyond his most original horse and dog—are negligible, and the only landscape that is adequately conveyed is an occasional grotesque scene. The gusto is reserved for wind and rain. The pith of the work is the collection of human characters; and of these too the most grotesque are the best portraits. Something near genius informs the chapters dealing with that latter part of the journey across to the West Coast of Ireland, when the wayfarer had as companion an Irishman who might serve as epitome for the more extravagant—and more human—side of the Irish character. No one could read any part of the Irish section of the book without acquiring a livelier insight into the ways of Ireland and the Irish. Simple and direct though the narrative is, it contains a singularly subtle analysis of the ingenuous humour that after all underlies the verbal art of the people.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Romain Rolland. The Man and his Work. By Stefan Zweig. Allen and Unwin. 15s. net.

THERE seems to be no adequate excuse for the publication of this book, in which the regrettable foibles of a man of considerable talent are revived in a very unnecessary way. M. Rolland is a musical critic and the author of a huge novel called, after its hero, who is a German musician, 'Jean Christophe.' The early volumes of this romance were read widely and with a great deal of pleasure. M. Rolland is not a writer of the first class, but he has a considerable force of style, especially in the description of curious exhibitions of feeling. His portrait, at several ages, adorns Mr. Zweig's biography, and it is eloquent of the characteristics of the author. We showed the frontispiece—which presents M. Rolland, with an immense bold brow, gazing over the long soft hand which is pressed against his chin and cheek—to a child, who immediately called out, "Oh! what a very tiresome face!" That is what M. Rolland has shown himself to be, in public affairs, peculiarly tiresome. He is amiable, intelligent, virtuous to an exasperating degree, but essentially "tiresome." He must always be in opposition, he must always think what nobody else thinks, and he must always be perfectly sure that he is right and that the millions are wrong.

Accordingly, when the war broke out, being in Switzerland and in close communication with individual Germans, of whom his biographer appears to be one, M. Rolland took up the position of noisy isolation which he preserved until the Armistice, and which annoyed his fellow-Frenchmen so extremely. He proclaimed that there was no moral difference between the Allies and the Boches, and that they were all equally wicked. Both sides were to stop fighting at once, at M. Rolland's command. M. Rolland, who could not re-enter France, filled the columns of a neutral newspaper, *Le Journal de Genève*, with his lamentations and his

invectives. One of the portraits here produced represents him in the act of writing his famous 'Above the Battle'—it is a self-righteous, obstinate, "tiresome" face, with its pale eyes and strained smile, which is lifted at us from the arduous task. That M. Rolland was well-meaning, that he propounded, though at a most inopportune moment, a number of undeniable ethical truths, that he was sincerely distressed at the horrible confusion of the age, does not make his attitude the more praiseworthy. The best thing for M. Rolland to do is to burn the proposterous records of his pacifism, and sit down to write another musical novel.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Outlines of Constitutional Law. By Dalzell Chalmers and Cyril Asquith. Sweet & Maxwell. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS book, ostensibly written for the assistance of students for the Bar, will, we think, prove of interest to a wider circle of readers than seems to have been contemplated by its authors. During the late war the Rights of the Crown in relation to the property of the subject, a matter hardly thought of in time of peace, became a common topic of conversation and a not infrequent cause of litigation; and within the last few months the necessity for the preservation of the integrity of our Imperial Constitutions must have been brought home to every student of current affairs. In these 'Outlines' the learned authors have very clearly tabulated and defined the technicalities of our Constitutional Law and have brought the Case Law on the subject right up to date. As an instance of their care in this respect we are glad to find that the case of Attorney General v. De Keyser's Royal Hotel Company (Appeal Cases 1920, page 508) in which the alleged right of the Crown to occupy the property of the subject without paying compensation is very fully reported and discussed.

Another topic dealt with which may interest an audience outside strictly legal circles is that of the new Status of Women as regards the parliamentary franchise and the exercise of public functions, e.g., service as jurors. The position of Aliens in this country is also discussed at length. Appendix A, in which the various constitutions of the United States, Canada, South Africa and Australia, are succinctly examined and compared, is well compiled and simply expressed. The Emergency Powers Act 1920 is dealt with in another Appendix (D), and with regard to this statute we are inclined to agree with Messrs. Chalmers and Asquith in their opinion that

the Act is, perhaps, justified by necessity, but the precedent of altering the Criminal Law in any other way than legislation by bill, with its usual publicity, is hardly to be commended.

The book is well arranged, well printed and well indexed, and in addition to fulfilling its declared purpose of assisting the law student it may well find its place in the library as a handy book of reference.

Fiction

The Seventh Wave. By Tickner Edwardes. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

LOVE and religion are the *motifs* of this novel, and its heroine, Clara Southerden, is confronted with the problem of reconciling them in her own life. Acutely conscious of an inward call to the work of saving souls, she is equally firm in her conviction that no feminine enterprise succeeds without the collaboration of a male, who can be thrust in front to do the heavy work, and to receive any hard knocks which may happen to be going. For this arrangement there is obviously something to be said—providing you can catch your male collaborator; and it is precisely here that Clara's difficulty arises. Influenced by filial piety (her father is a country doctor heavily in debt) she has betrothed herself to a prosperous sawmill owner, a

thorough good sort, but not her heart's choice, and moreover entirely destitute of any missionary impulse. Meanwhile her appointed fellow-worker appears in the person of a notorious tramp, who mainly through her own instrumentality has been transformed into an honest industrious citizen, and having subsequently got religion is holding open-air meetings with extraordinary success. In this crusade Clara assists by singing hymns to a harp, thus greatly perturbing her mother, the rector, and even her easy-going fiancé. Serious complications ensue, but in the end she is honourably released from her engagement, and with the ex-tramp, now her husband, sets out in a caravan on a mission to itinerant showmen, the funds being provided by an opportune legacy. This bald summary may easily convey a misleading impression of what is in fact a well-written and attractive story. The amazing naïveté of the conception is to a great extent redeemed by the treatment. We do not much believe in any of the characters, except perhaps the workhouse nurse and Clara's parents. But we like them nearly all, and they move in a soothing atmosphere of sympathy, and strange as it may appear, of common sense. The background, a Sussex village, eighteen miles from Brighton, is skillfully painted in.

The Secret Adversary. By Agatha Christie. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

READERS of 'The Mysterious Affair of Styles' have been looking forward with some interest to another detective story by the same author. The ingenuity of the plot, the number of false clues, and difficulty of guessing the solution of the mystery till the last moment were a real triumph for a beginner. This time the story is not about a murder; a secret treaty was on its way to England in the *Lusitania* when she was sunk, and its present whereabouts is unknown. It had been handed to a young American woman at the last moment, and she disappeared immediately on landing. Now a secret organization of immense power, uniting Bolshevik gold and working-class discontent, is threatening to use it against the government with the view of destroying our social system and setting up a one-man tyranny. The head of this conspiracy calls himself Mr. Brown. No one has seen him, no one knows who he is. Who is Mr. Brown, and where is the missing woman? These are the questions that two charming young adventurers, a demobilized officer and a Waac, find thrust upon them by chance. We promise our readers an exciting story of adventure, full of hairbreadth escapes, and many disappointments if they try to guess the riddle before the author is ready to give them the clue. It is an excellent story of its kind, showing what new use may be made of familiar material, and must have been almost as great fun to write as it is to read.

The Moon Rock. By Arthur J. Rees. Bodley Head. 8s. 6d. net.

DETECTIVE stories have long been recognized as a necessity of life. Like a bottle of brandy, they should be kept in every well ordered household, in case of sickness, mental or physical; although, as with the spirit, one is apt to find, by the time that sickness arrives, that the bottle is dry. The supply of good tales of this kind is always insufficient to meet the demand; and here is a good one. For several reasons it is not quite in the first class of such things. It would be better for compression, particularly in the early chapters; it has an ending that is unpardonably tragic in a piece of pure fantasy; most important of all, the author has deliberately denied us the joy of studying the methods of an abnormally acute investigator. Detective Barrant was a sound enough officer, but he lacked inspiration. He might have come from Bournemouth. Indeed he discovered nothing whatever, the mystery finally solving itself without his assistance. This is to truckle to mere realism. Your detective, if he cannot

hope to be a creature of poetry, like Holmes, should not, we hold, fall below the level of Lecocq or Sergeant Cuff; and Lecocq would not have been (was not, in fact, in a celebrated instance) taken in by a clock, nor would Cuff have failed to recognize the enormous significance of the stain on its dial. More than this must not be said. Let readers look into the matter for themselves. We can promise that they will be both puzzled and thrilled, for Mr. Rees has given them a weird and ingenious book.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- Astronomy in the Poets.* By Cumberland Clark. Bournemouth, Sydenham: 5s. net.
Diet and Race. Anthropological Essays. By F. P. Armitage. Longmans: 7s. 6d. net.
Ethics. An Exposition of Principle. By Arthur Lynch. Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.
Great Companions. By Edith Wyatt. Appleton: 5s. net.
Painted Windows. By "A Gentleman with a Duster." Mills & Boon: 5s. net.
The Foundation of Sovereignty and Other Essays. By H. J. Laski. Allen & Unwin: 15s. net.
The Meaning of Suffering in Human Life. By Buchanan Blake, D.D. Paisley, Gardner: 6s. net.
The Theory of Mind as a Pure Act. By Giovanni Gentile. Translated from the third Edition with an Introduction by H. Wildon Carr. Macmillan: 15s. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- A History of Trade Unionism in Australia.* By J. T. Sutcliffe. Macmillan: 6s. net.
A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method. 6th Edition. By Sir Banister Fletcher. Batsford: 42s. net.
Denmark. A Co-operative Commonwealth. By Frederic C. Howe. Allen & Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.
Japan and the Far East Conference. By Henry W. Taft. Macmillan: 5s. net.
My Brother Theodore Roosevelt. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Scribners: 15s. net.
Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour. By Violet Wilson. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- A Soul's Comedy.* By George Stevenson. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.
Cobweb. By George Agnew Chamberlain. Mills & Boon: 7s. 6d. net.
Little Daughter of Man. By Martin Anderson Nexø. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.
Fay and Finance. By Cherry Veheyne. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.
Little Lady of Arrock. By David Whitelaw. Chapman & Hall: 7s. 6d. net.
Mountain Blood. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.
My Lady April. By John Overton. Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d. net.
Other People's Babies. A Fantastic Novel. By Rathmell Wilson. Stockwell.
Search. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. Chatto & Windus: 7s. 6d. net.
The Cruise of the Kawa. By Walter E. Traprock. Page.
The Grey Room. By Eden Phillpotts. Hurst & Blackett: 7s. 6d. net.
The Life and Death of Harriett Freen. By May Sinclair. Collins: 6s. net.
The Lunatic at Large Again. By J. Storer Clouston. Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d. net.
The Man in the Twilight. By Ridgwell Cullum. Palmer: 7s. 6d. net.
The Mayfly. By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. Nash & Grayson: 7s. 6d. net.
The Miracles of Clara van Haag. By Johannes Buchholtz. Gyldebrand: 8s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

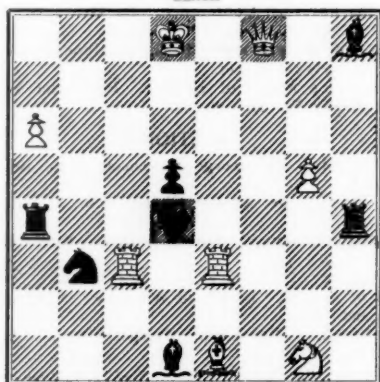
- Authors' and Printers' Dictionary.* By J. Howard Collins. Fifth Edition. Milford: 3s. 6d. net.
A Manual of French. By H. F. Chaytor. Cambridge University Press: 4s. net.
A New Gospel to All Peoples. By Marie Carmichael Stopes. Humphreys: 2s. 6d. net.
A Selection of Cases Illustrative of The Law of Contracts. By Courtney Stanhope Kenny. Cambridge University Press: 20s. net.
Disguises of Love. By Dr. W. Stekel. Kegan Paul: 6s. 6d. net.
Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Vol. 12. Edited by James Hastings. Clark.
Homiletics or the Theory of Preaching. By Joseph Gowan. Eliot Stock: 6s. net.
Jesus, The School Master. By the Reverend Pitt Bonarjee. Reading, Bradley: 3d. net.
Leaves from a V.A.D.'s Diary. By Adèle de L'Isle. Eliot Stock: 10s. 6d. net.

- Le Mediat et l'Immediat.** Par James Mark Baldwin. Traduit par E. Philippi. Paris, Felix Alcan : 20 fr.
- Notes on First Class Rowing.** By the Hon. J. W. H. Fremantle. Cambridge, Fabb & Tyler : 1s. net.
- On the Edge of the Primeval Forest.** By Professor Albert Schweitzer. Black : 6s. net.
- Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.** January, 1922. 7s. 6d. net.
- Selections from the Poems of Sir Walter Scott.** Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson. Cambridge University Press : 4s. 6d. net.
- Principles of Geometry.** By H. F. Baker. Vol. I. Foundations. Cambridge University Press : 12s. net.
- Some Notes, Historical and Otherwise, concerning the Sacred Constantinian Order.** By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Dent : 1s. 6d. net.
- The Catholic Directory.** 1922. Burns & Oates : 3s. 6d. net.
- The China Year-book.** 1921-2. Simpkin : 30s. net.
- The Cruise of the Dream Ship.** By Ralph Stock. Heinemann : 15s. net.
- The Fight for Socialism.** By an Unrepentant Socialist after the war of 1914-18 and the post-war struggles of 1919-20. Longmans : 2s. net.
- The Glands Regulating Personality.** By Louis Berman, M.B. Macmillan : 10s. net.
- The Grotius Society Publications :** No. 1, Erasmus's 'Institutio Principis Christiani'; No. 2, Sully's 'Grand Design of Henry IV.' With an Introduction by David Ogg. Sweet & Maxwell : 2s. 6d. net each.
- The New Hazell's Annual and Almanack.** 1922. Hodder & Stoughton : 5s. net.
- The Solution of the Synoptic Problem.** Second Edition. By Robinson Smith. Watts : 10s. net.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 12.

By MURRAY MARBLE



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before Feb. 4.

PROBLEM No. 11.

Solution

WHITE :

(1) Kt—Kt7.

(2) Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 18.—Correct from A. Lewis, A. S. Mitchell, Albert Taylor, S. E. Lloyd and A. S. Brown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. Gillies.—In No. 10, Kt-Q7 is met by R-28, check. Glad to welcome you as a solver.

C. O. Grimshaw.—In No. 10, R-R2 fails against P x R.

D. R. Coode.—No. 9 correct. Your card was insufficiently stamped.

R. W. Keate.—Many thanks. See below.

J. C. Gilchrist.—No. 9 correct.

Commandr. R. W. Keate, R.N., sends us another, and ingenious, arrangement of the fourteen knights covering the whole chess-board, viz. :—Knights on KKt 3 and 6; KB3, 4, 5 and 6; Q3, 4, 5 and 6; QB2, 3, 6 and 7. Probably a little research will disclose other dispositions which solve the problem.

Our readers will associate themselves with the regret we feel in announcing the death, on Monday, 16th inst., of Mrs. J. H. Blackburne, who was 84 years of age, and had pluckily borne great suffering for eighteen months.

Obiter dicta Cæssæ. IV.

A fine judge of chess-play can tell exactly the class to which a player belong by the kind of mistake he is liable to make : there is, for example, a species of error which only a first-class player can perpetrate.

THE GENOA CONFERENCE

brings a promise of RESTORATION FOR RUSSIA.

But it cannot meet till MARCH.

Meanwhile the population of the Volga region is dying out.

One village of 3,000 inhabitants has only 1,100 left.

Out of 100 children in a shelter for foundlings, 42 died in 24 hours.

A corpse gnawed by dogs in the main street. Bread made of oak leaves, straw and horse-dung.

Such is the picture drawn by Dr. Farrar before he himself died of typhus.

YOU CAN'T RESTORE CORPSES

It is Useless to Talk of Restoring Russia if the Famine Rages Unchecked.

While Governments confer we must give.

Whatever you give will be distributed in Russia by British hands.

Donations should be sent at once to the Hon. Treas.,
The Russian Famine Relief Fund,
Room E.6, General Buildings, Aldwych,
London, W.C.

President: **The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London.**
Chairman: **The Rt. Hon. Lord Emmott, G.C.M.G.**

The Russian Famine Relief Fund and the Save the Children Fund wish it to be understood that they operate in different parts of the famine area, and neither compete nor overlap in the distribution of relief. Their is only too much room for both.

Issued by the Imperial War Relief Fund (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916).

Company Meeting

THE BANK OF LIVERPOOL & MARTINS LTD.

NINETY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

THE NINETY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of Shareholders of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Limited was held at Liverpool on Tuesday last, Mr. Edward Paul, the Chairman, presiding over a large attendance.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, referred to personal changes in the Board and Management, and proceeded to deal with the figures of the Balance Sheet. Comparing them with the corresponding figures of December 31st, 1920, they would notice that there had been a decrease of £2,500,000 in the amount due on Current, Deposit, and other accounts. This decrease was apparently of a temporary nature. There was also a decrease of £3,000,000 in the Bank's Acceptances, due to the dull condition of trade and the fall in the value of commodities against which Acceptances were given. The total of the Balance Sheet had accordingly fallen from £91,000,000 at the end of 1920, to £86,000,000 at the end of 1921.

On the Assets side the cash in hand and at the Bank of England was £3,000,000 less, but the Investments in first-class securities, which included Treasury Bills, had increased by £3,800,000. The Bank's Investments in War Issues had diminished by £2,000,000, owing to the sale of some short-dated Investments during the year. Bills of Exchange were £3,300,000 against £7,000,000 last year, a decrease which, again, was due to the dull condition of trade.

The most important change in the figures, however, is the reduction of £180,000 in the Net Profit for the year. In considering this decrease one has to remember that the year 1920 was a "boom" year, whereas the year 1921 was one of profound depression, when the turnover in business accounts diminished to an extraordinary degree. This is indicated in the figures of the Bankers' Clearings:—

In the Liverpool Clearing	the decrease was	45.7 per cent.
In the Manchester Clearing	" " "	48.8 " "
In the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Clearing	" " "	54.7 " "

and so on, while the Country Cheques cleared through London showed a reduction of 26.2 per cent. In other words, business was stagnant, and our Commission Account naturally suffered.

Taking these adverse circumstances into account, the Directors are gratified that the profits enable us to pay the usual Dividend of 16 per cent. per annum, to provide £150,000 for the Bank's Contingent Fund, and to increase the balance of Profits carried forward by about £23,000. The Contingent Fund is the internal Reserve Fund of the Bank, and our reason for making a transfer to that Fund is that, in the present depressed condition of trade, it is desirable to keep the internal Reserve strong.

With regard to our Investments, the very conditions which so adversely affected commercial business led to a recovery in the price of gilt-edged Securities, and we have no occasion this year to provide for any depreciation. On the contrary, the value of the Bank's Investments shows a substantial surplus beyond the amount at which they stand in the books.

The year 1921 was a year of unexampled business depression, not only in this country but in most of the commercial countries of the world. The fall in the trade barometer began about April, 1920, and continued until April, 1921. From that date until the end of the year, while conditions have shown no marked improvement, they have not become worse, and one is tempted to hope that the bottom of the depression has at last been reached. As prices fell, many buyers of goods, especially Foreign buyers, failed to fulfil contracts. Especially was this the case where buyers had to face not only the loss in the market value of the goods but a further heavy loss in Exchange. The result was that huge quantities of textile and other goods, which had been shipped out to fulfil definite orders, were left on the hands of Exporters to be sold for what they would fetch, or to lie encumbering the Quays and Warehouses of distant ports. Fresh orders were few and far between. Prices fell below the cost of production, and serious losses were incurred by many of our industrial concerns.

To add to our troubles there was during 1920-1921 a large number of industrial disputes: I have seen the number quoted as 4,000. Trade has not yet recovered from the shocks caused by the Moulders' Strike, the Ship-joiners' Strike, and the Coal Strike. One is, however, glad to observe a better spirit in regard to labour questions and signs of a happier co-operation between employers and employed.

When we add to all this the fact of the general economic disorganization of the world, we have no difficulty in accounting for the unsatisfactory state of trade and the deplorable extent of unemployment.

The Chairman proceeded to a review of the leading industries of the North of England. Dealing first with Agriculture, he said 1921 was disappointing for farmers. They suffered from heavy depreciation in the value of livestock, and from a great fall in price of agricultural products. Roughly speaking, the fall in values ranged from 40 to 50 per cent. The drought of last summer also greatly interfered with successful farming, and increased the expense of stock feeding. Speaking generally, the Farming industry throughout the North had stood the adverse conditions well, and with prudence, economy and favourable weather would probably get safely through any depression still in front of it.

During the greater part of 1921 the Coal, Iron and Steel industries had been more or less in a moribund condition. In the first three months of the year most of the steel works were kept busy on old orders at profitable prices, though not much new business was coming to hand. During the same period very little money was being made in the coal trade, and when, on 31st March, the end came of the Government guarantee, followed by the disastrous coal stoppage, trade was paralysed in every direction. The iron and steel industry eventually came to a complete standstill, and our Foreign competitors began to get busy to such an extent that more coal and iron was imported into this country than had ever been known. As much as 20,000 tons of iron were imported into the Tees in a single month. It was the general opinion, however, that prices of iron and steel had now dropped to such an extent as to prevent any further imports from abroad. The one satisfactory feature was that we were recovering our trade in export coal.

Shipping had been seriously affected by two main considerations—the enormous increase in the tonnage of the world and the decrease in the quantity of cargo to be carried. Before the war the steam tonnage of the world was 43,000,000; it was now 59,000,000. The quantity of cargo moving before the war was just enough to keep steamers employed. The quantity now was only 80 per cent. of pre-war quantity, while the tonnage had increased 36 per cent., with the consequence that many ships were idle, and many only half full. The high cost of shipbuilding had also checked the demand for new steamers, and while yards were gradually completing tonnage under construction, orders for new tonnage were not being placed, except by a few Liner Companies. It was the opinion in some well-informed quarters that the bottom of the shipping slump had been reached, and that there would be a slow but steady improvement, and there was undoubtedly some inquiry now regarding new tonnage.

Turning to the Cotton trade, Mr. Paul said the year began with a falling-off of the 1920 demand, and both consumption and price continued to fall until August. Stocks of raw material, as well as manufactured yarn and goods, accumulated, and a cessation of buying for export, together with postponement of deliveries on contract for both Home and Foreign markets compelled most mills to run much short time. In Spinning, very few dividends had been earned during 1921, the losses having been heavy, and manufacturers also suffered severely. Overseas purchasers either refused or were unable to take up cloth ordered at high prices in 1920, and the existence of these unsold stocks proved a dead-weight on the market for cloth. With regard to the future, impediments in the way of increased trade were that there were still considerable stocks of undigested goods in various parts of the world; finishing prices were still high (though he was glad to see that reduction was contemplated); taxation, both local and Imperial, was a heavy burden, adding greatly to the cost of production, and the dislocation of the Foreign Exchanges made trade in many cases almost impossible. Taking the trade as a whole, however, there was every likelihood of 1922 being more encouraging than 1921.

The course of the Woollen Trade was similar to that of the Cotton Trade. The period of depression reached its culminating point in April, 1921, when there were heavy stocks of Wool in this country and abroad, and very heavy stocks of finished cloth manufactured from raw material bought at the highest prices, and for which there was no demand whatever.

The experience of manufacturers and merchants of piece goods had been a sorry one. From the termination of the boom in 1920 to April, 1921, they were inundated with cancellations of orders for piece goods, which were either made or in process, and since then the trend of values for finished cloth had been downwards without interruption.

The outlook for makers of tops and yarns was now better than it had been, and while the prospect for manufacturing and piece merchandising was not yet encouraging, it was felt that the worst was over. Reports received from the Bank's Branches indicated that the chief obstacles to a revival of the trade were again high taxation and fluctuating exchanges.

If he were to touch upon other markets and trades he might tell a more cheering story about some of them, such as food-stuffs, textile machinery and others, but nevertheless he could not avoid the conclusion that the year 1921 witnessed the greatest depression in our economic history. If it had not been for the patience and resource of our business men, and the generous way in which buyers and sellers often agreed to cancel contracts and share losses, and if it had not been for the power to recover losses to the extent of Excess Profits Duty previously paid, the

results would have been calamitous. As it was, the country weathered the storm, and would, he trusted, now enter calmer water.

After paying a tribute to the way in which our financial system had stood the strain of the war, the trade boom and now the trade depression, the Chairman said:—

Unfortunately, the economic recovery of our own country does not depend alone upon the soundness of our Banking system or the solvency of our Government's Budget. It depends also upon the financial and economic conditions prevailing in other countries. While our transactions with America are running on a more even keel, as evidenced by the recovery and comparative steadiness of dollar exchange, our trade relations with Europe are being interrupted and curtailed by the chaotic conditions which prevail in most of the European countries. In many of these the reprehensible practice of inflating the note issue has continued practically unchecked throughout the year, and, if not stopped, is bound, according to all past experience, to end in the economic, commercial and even social collapse of the countries where the practice prevails.

It is not too much to say that the very existence of the economic system of Europe depends upon the abandonment by Germany and other countries of the policy of increasing their issue of inconvertible notes. But what concerns us more directly is that the depreciation of these currencies has led to violent fluctuations in the exchange rates as between the currency and the pound sterling, or the currency and the American dollar. The extraordinary effect of such fluctuations upon the internal and foreign trade of the countries concerned is puzzling even to those experienced in such matters. Booms of greater or lesser volume appear and die away, and appear again. Great apparent prosperity exists alongside of very real distress, and in the case of all the countries whose exchanges are subject to the violent fluctuations I have mentioned, the difficulties in the way of foreign trade are becoming very great.

The trouble is that with the practical disappearance of the gold standard from the countries of Europe, there is now no link between the currencies of one country and another, no automatic limit to the fluctuations of exchange, and none of the restraining and correcting economic influences, which were evoked when international indebtedness reached the point at which gold had to be shipped. Further, in the old days, the trend of prices was fairly uniform throughout the world, and sudden and excessive movements of price were the exception. Now there is no guarantee that in countries where the currency is inflated prices may not move suddenly, violently and in a direction quite at variance with prices in the rest of the world. It follows that transactions between this country and, say, Germany which when originated showed a profit to both buyer and seller, might end in severe loss to either the one or the other. Under such conditions business becomes impossible. Again and again during the year we have found business men prevented from undertaking desirable transactions which would have yielded both profit to themselves and employment to others by the uncertainty as to the course that prices and rates of exchange would take during the currency of the transaction. In my opinion this uncertainty is now the chief obstacle to business recovery.

I therefore welcome the approaching International Conference at Genoa in the hope that it will accomplish the following necessary things:—Settle the amount of Germany's reparation at a figure which she ought to pay, but which she can pay; fix the method of payment so as to cause the minimum of disturbance in the foreign exchange market; induce the several Governments to balance their Budgets and cease further issue of inconvertible notes; abolish tariff walls and similar restrictions upon international trade; and, establish peace. The task before the Conference is stupendous, but the Conference will be helped by the conviction which is growing in many minds in all lands, that the welfare of all the nations depends upon the restoration of economic stability and the re-opening of the channels of international trade.

To achieve such a restoration and such a re-opening would be no mere economic gain; it would bring comfort and hope into countless homes in this country, which are at present desolated by want of work, and it would do more than anything else to promote order and contentment not only here, but in the distracted countries of Europe.

Mr. Isaac H. Storey, one of the Deputy-Chairmen, seconded the adoption of the Report and Accounts, and the motion was carried unanimously.

Messrs. G. E. B. Bromley-Martin, W. R. Glazebrook, W. H. Hustler, and A. Allan Paton, C.B., were re-elected Directors.

Sir James Hope Simpson, General Manager, responding to a vote of thanks to Directors, management and staff, said the past year had probably been the most difficult in his experience, not even excepting the war years. During the war when problems arose there was generally only one thing to do. Last year the problems were due to so many causes that it was not always easy to select the right one. However, they had got through, and got through well, and he hoped this year would be commercially a calmer one. Sir James acknowledged the loyalty and support of the managers and staffs of the Bank, and announced that the long-wished-for Widows' and Orphans' Fund was now established.

The Meeting concluded with cordial thanks to the Chairman.

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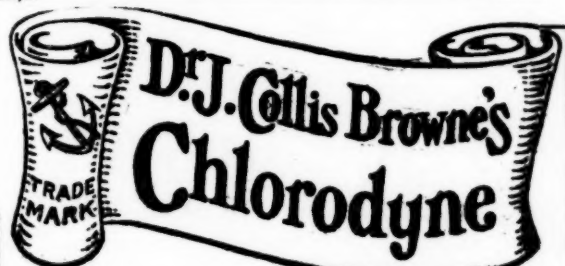
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